

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT

OCTOBER 1978

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AFTER DARK

**MACH CHIC:
THE FUTURE
IS HERE**

**VANESSA REDGRAVE
ON THE DEFENSIVE**

**HENRY FONDA
ON THE LEFT**

**BOWIE AND
DIETRICH IN BERLIN**

**JACQUELINE BISSET
IN "GREAT CHEFS":
GOODBYE GLAMOUR?**

Santa Esmeralda

Beauty



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ON THE COVER:

Jacqueline Bisset—sex siren of the '70s or versatile actress? Miss Bisset, for one, approves the latter description, and she is trying to convince others by taking on uncharacteristic film roles—a chirpy, strong-willed dessert chef in a Warner Bros. comedy, *Who is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?*, and an unglamorous mother and career woman in an independent Italian film, *Amo, Non Amo*. Beginning on page 56, Patrick Pacheco speaks with the doe-eyed actress about the risks and rewards of her new career decisions, and the dangers of glamour.

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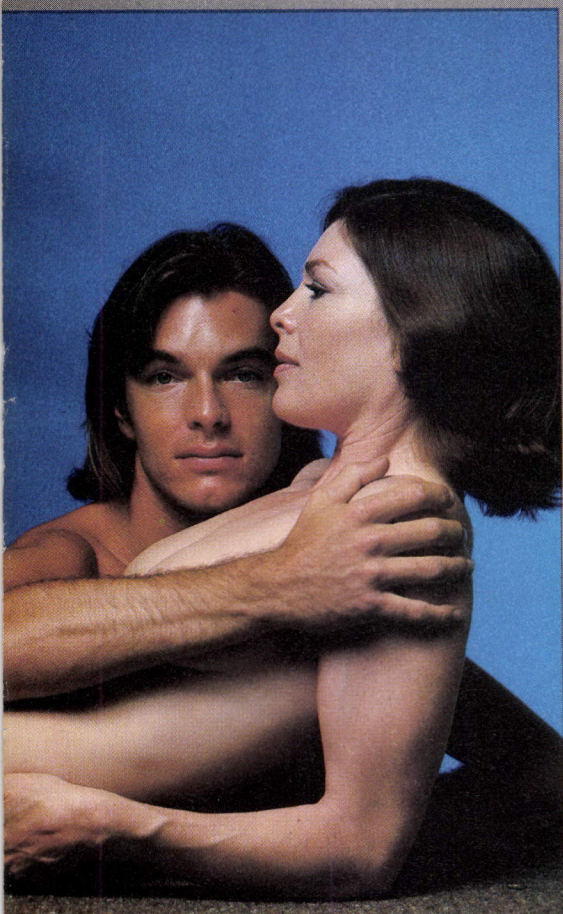
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Hollywood is often thought of as Sin City, the hedonistic, drugged-out, divorce capital of the world. It certainly doesn't strike one as the place where the seeds of old-fashioned monogamy are sown. But Edward Albert and Kate Woodville are intent on being exceptions to the musical-chairs syndrome of relationships in the entertainment world. In an article on page 47, Norma McLain Stoop talks with these two talented people about their careers and the ups and downs of an actor-actress love affair. (Photo by Kenn Duncan)

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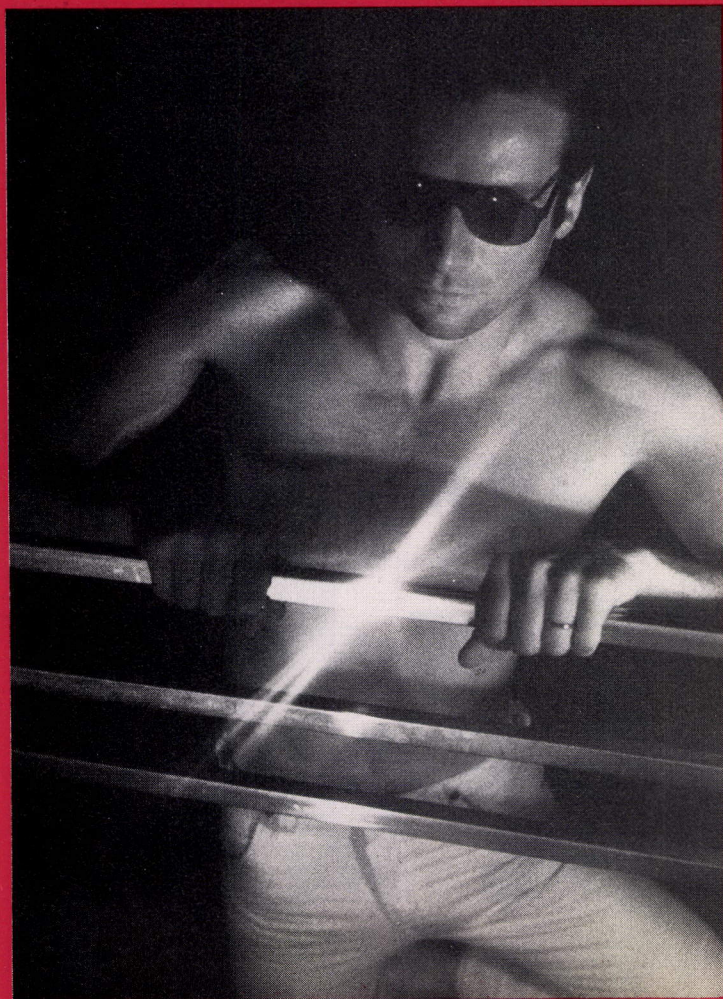




In her first film role in 17 years, Marlene Dietrich (top photo, Sipa/Black Star) plays a baroness in *Just a Gigolo*, a new movie starring David Bowie. Chris Huizenga's article about

Bowie in Berlin, on page 34, captures the mood of that city during the Weimer Republic. This mood spawned the Bauhaus, which is a major topic of Nathan Fain's exploration of the

futurist aesthetic, on page 38. Parisian model Christian Limouzy (left) personifies the Mach Chic look (Photo by Philippe Descollonges).



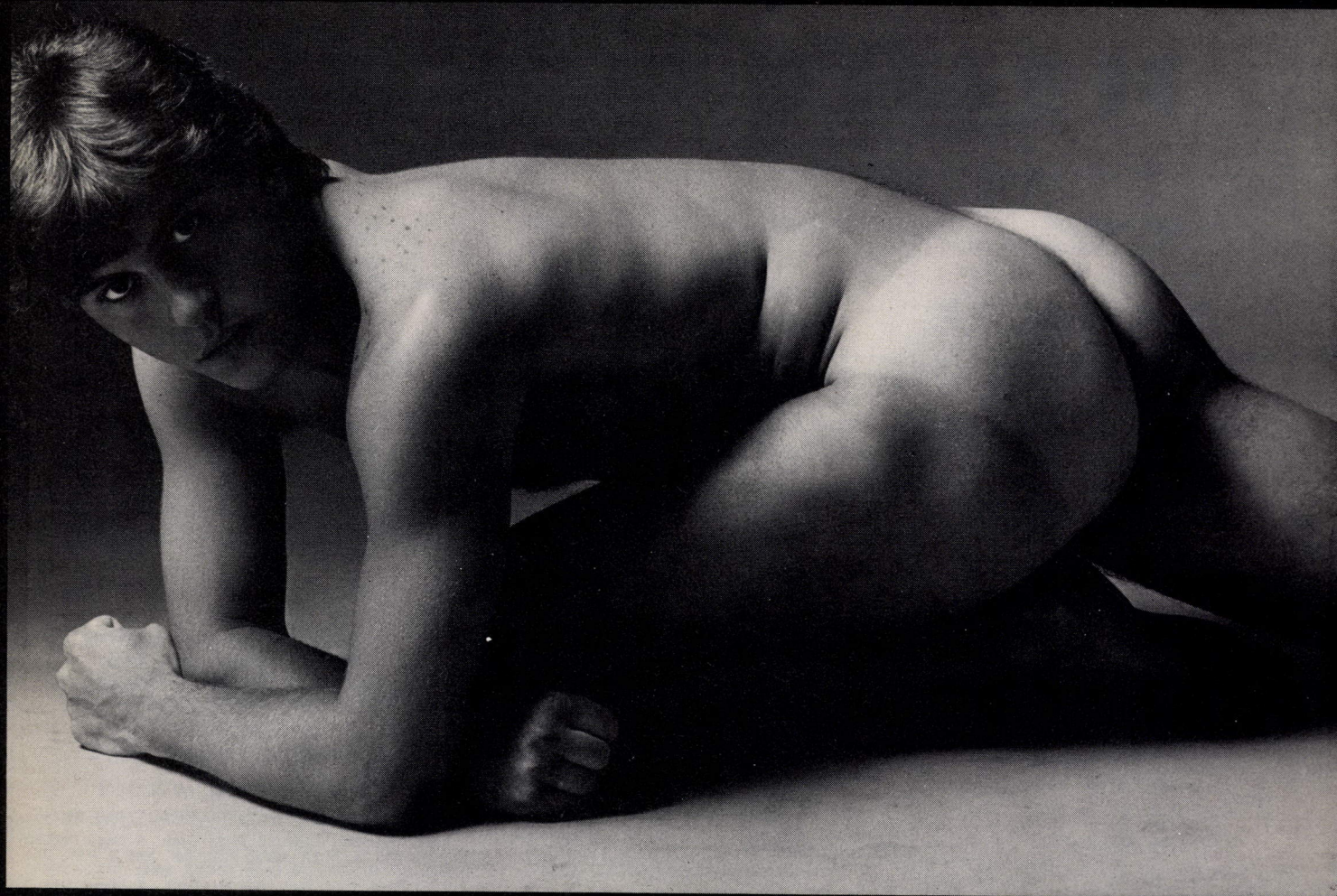
SPEAKING OUT

by William Como

Bookworm in the sky: Reading aboard planes has become an essential pastime for me in order to escape the tedious flying hours which seem to increase in volume. It follows, then, that I am becoming more selective about the books I choose to pack. Even so, the success of my choice is often an act of chance, for jacket blurbs seldom prove accurate in their claims about the books. I play a rating game of "one to ten" when I finish a book. If I've been patient through the thick or thin, or the highs and lows of a book, the last few pages will leave me in a mood that will gauge my feelings about what I just read.

Aboard Lufthansa on the way to the ballet festival in Hamburg, Germany, this summer, I began what I thought would be a bit of froth in Paul Monette's *Taking Care of Mrs. Carroll* (Little Brown, hardcover \$8.95), even though Merle Miller, that sage of the gay world, promised prominently on its cover that author "...Paul Monette has a brilliant future; he has in his first novel guaranteed a brilliant present." Early into the book I was hooked on the canny question of how two ex-lovers and their assorted conspirators (a la an early Ernst Lubitsch comedy) could outwit and swindle the heirs of a Bostonian millionairess who dies on the first page. I became fascinated by how Monette delineated the sexual relationships among the characters, which threaded their way through the glossy plot. His astute observations kept me involved, and ultimately, moved me in the closing pages. I rated it high on the scale.

Flying down to Mallorca, again on Lufthansa, (my favorite airline), I switched the mood by picking up *Scruples*, a first novel by Judith Krantz (Crown Publisher, hardcover \$10.00). Credited as a West Coast contributing editor to *Cosmopolitan* magazine, and



Model Frank Campisano is photographed by Ken Haak.

married to Steve Krantz, an independent film producer, the author dips into the jet set world of fashion and entertainment in an effort to capture our interest in a two-dimensional heroine who, early on, changes from fat to slim and marries a very much older man who dies and leaves her quite a few hundred million dollars. She opens a boutique called *Scruples* on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills and spends the rest of the 400-odd pages trying to find happiness with Andy Warhol, Merv Griffin, Francesco Scavullo, and many more hundreds of *Women's Wear Daily* types, as she struggles with raw sexuality and the so-called "needs and drives of the world's most beautiful people." "Surprise me!" is the heroine's most meaningful and frequent remark. Actually, I giggled throughout the enjoyably trashy book. And it will probably make a fine movie for Faye Dunaway (it's another side of Laura Mars) since it's been copyrighted by the author's hubbie, Steve Krantz. I rated the book, three.

On the way to San Francisco to present an award for the Dance Masters of America to Chicago jazz teacher-choreographer Gus Giordano at its convention in the Sheraton-Palace, I read Daniel Curzon's collection of short stories, *The Revolt of the Perverts* (Leland Mellot Books, San Francisco, \$3.50). Warm, witty, bright, and discerning, this is a distinguished cluster of yarns commenting on the foibles of the gay community. My favorite was a story called "Virility," about two friends involved with each other in the military service—one all hot-to-trot, the other playing hard-to-get. I rated the entire book 10 for tops.

Also high on the scale is Armistead Maupin's *Tales of the City* (Harper and Row, \$5.95), which filled my time on the flight back to

New York from the Coast. Using fictional characters but placing them in real-life situations, the Maupin serial became a popular attraction in the *San Francisco Chronicle* during the mid-'70s. It is sprinkled with insights into new lifestyles, from how to pick up a date in a gay bar to the recipe for an herbal facial. My favorite tale, of course, is "Boris Steps In"—in which one of Maupin's characters attends a real-life cocktail party given by *After Dark* magazine at the Stanford Court in San Francisco.

Absolutely the best of everything I have read this past summer is Andrew Holleran's brilliant first novel, *Dancer from the Dance*, (William Morrow and Co., hardcover \$9.95) which I took with me on-flight to and from Akron, Ohio, while on my way to lecture to art students at Kent State University. The book is haunting me still. The most important, relevant, powerful, and deeply touching commentary on gay life in this country (especially in New York City and Fire Island) that I have ever read, the book raises controversial questions on this particular lifestyle, yet offers fresh insights and a reasonable approach to facing and accepting the gay cosmopolitan experience. The novel, which contains brilliant, biting wit, will also raise eyebrows in the community, and there will be those who will turn away angrily from those images that too closely reflect their own neuroses and hang-ups. Again, our favorite sage, Merle Miller, says of this effort, "...I cannot believe this is a first novel, but then how could or should one describe *Swann's Way* as a first novel?"

Sometimes one can be flying high and it has nothing to do with planes—just some wit, wisdom, and diversion tucked in my favorite place—between the covers.



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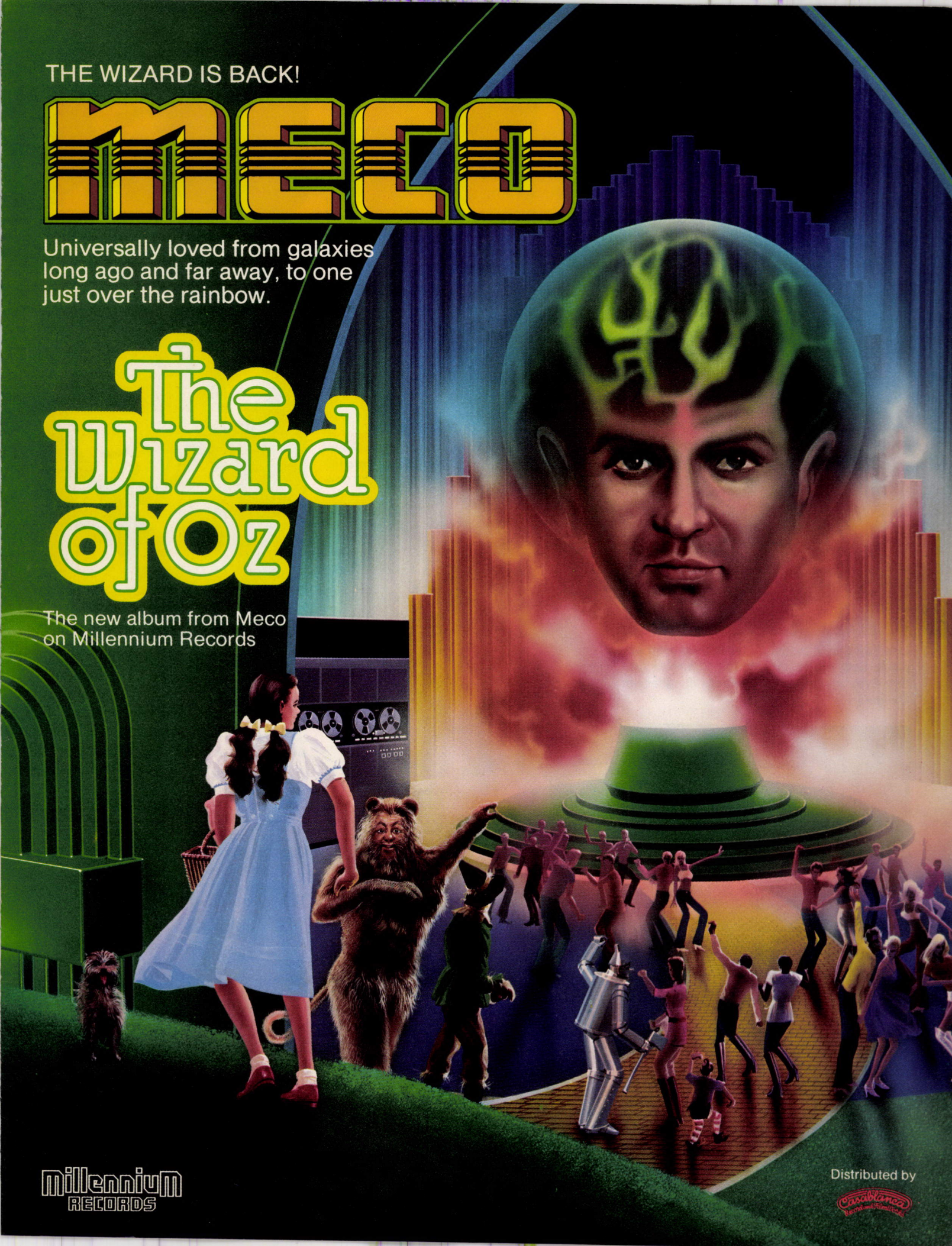
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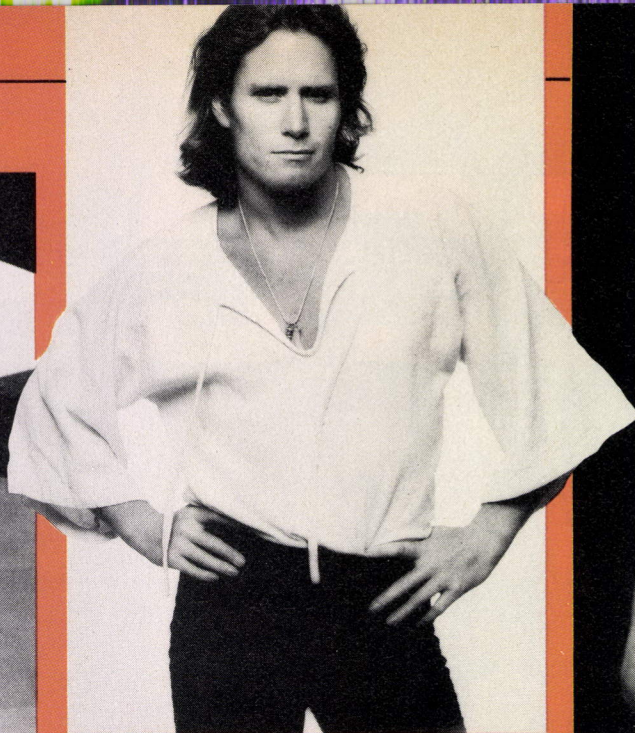
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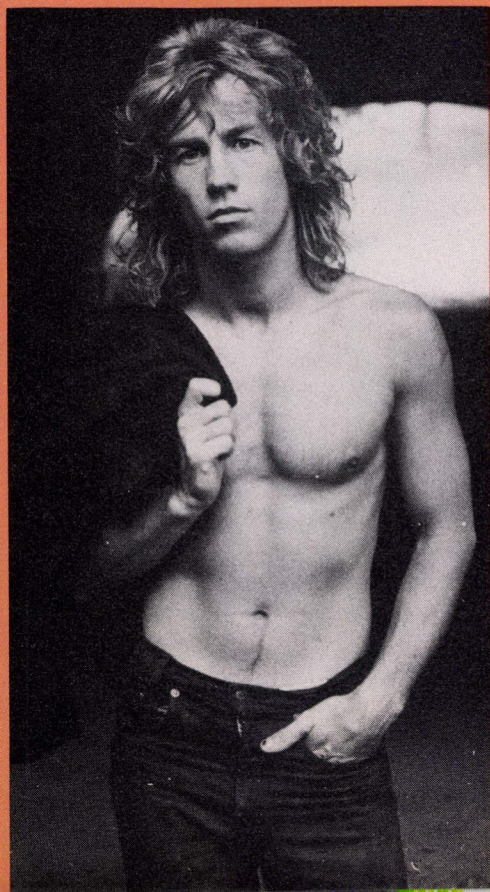
Lisa Taylor is a model-turned-actress who exploits both professions in the Columbia picture, Eyes of Laura Mars. (Photo by Michael Childers)



Rick Moses, who was television's Daniel Boone last season, has embarked on a recording career with an album due soon on 20th Century Records.



Brigitte Bardot, who retired from filmmaking at the age of 40, is still the sultry beauty that first captured the imagination of the world in her film, And God Created Woman. (Photo by S. Vigeveno/Sygma)

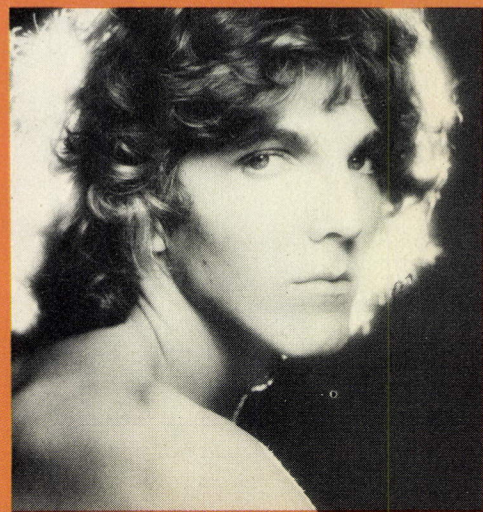


Andrew Hugger, lead singer of the Upstate New York rock-and-roll band, has recently completed recording his debut album for Sire Records. The LP is slated for a late fall release. (Photo by John Michael Cox, Jr.)



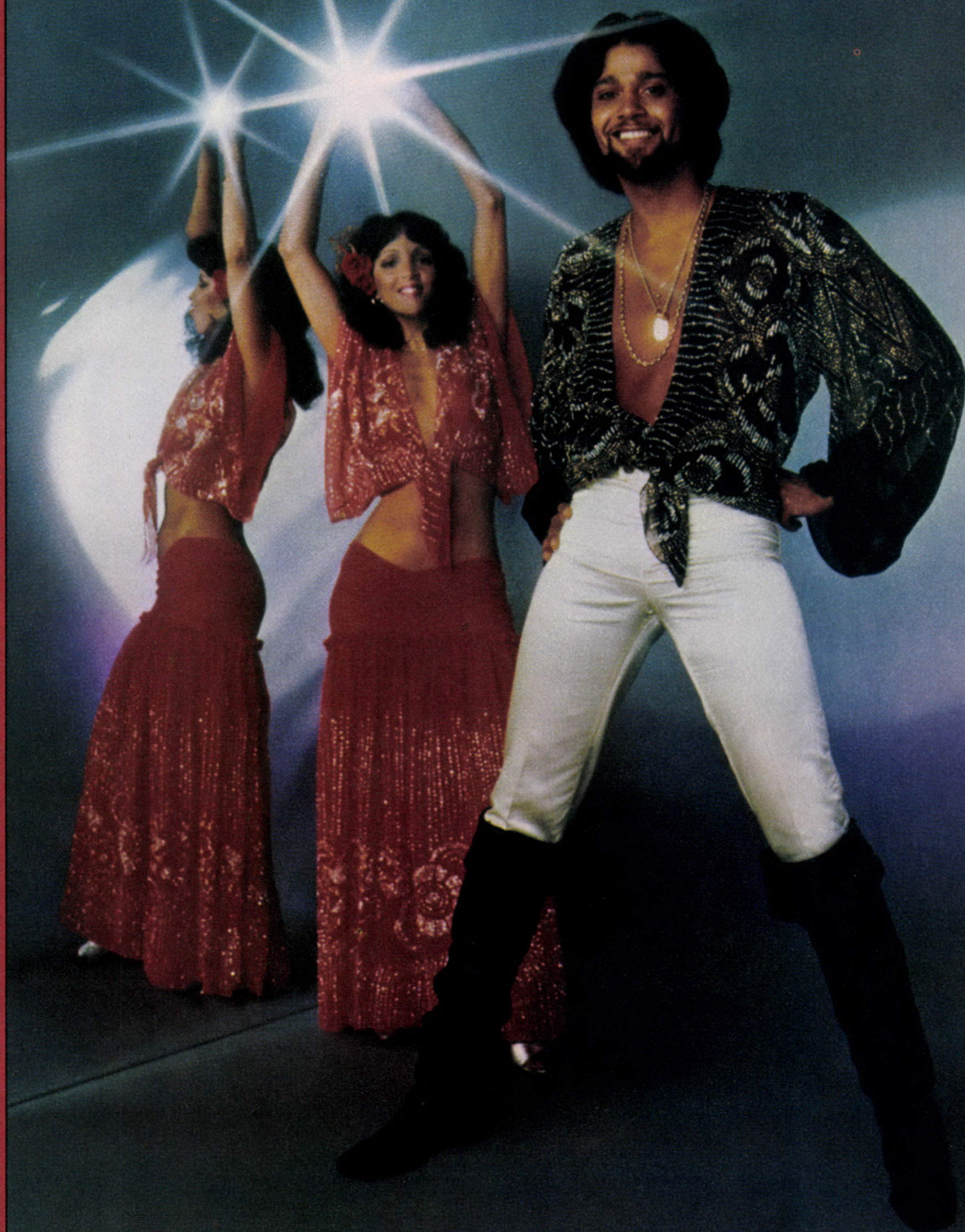
Rudolf Nureyev is starring in a two-hour film on Nijinsky for BBC television. (Photo by Bliokh)

Guy Summertime Veryzer, who created the Barry Manilow collage in the May issue of After Dark, has a book of poems, The Male Whore's Song, published by Fallen Angel Press.



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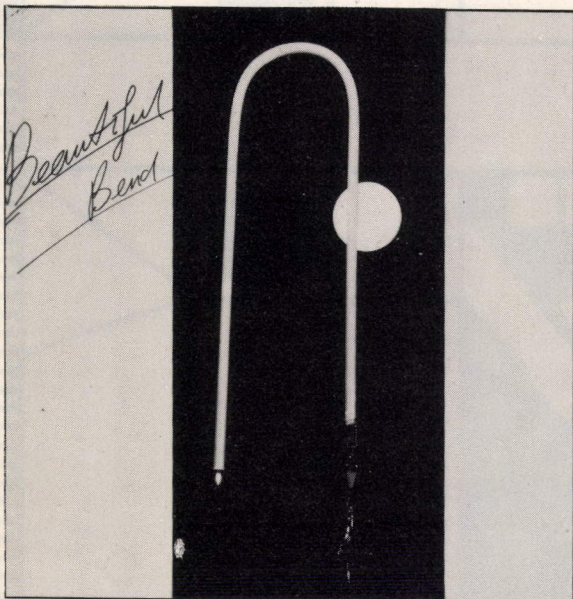
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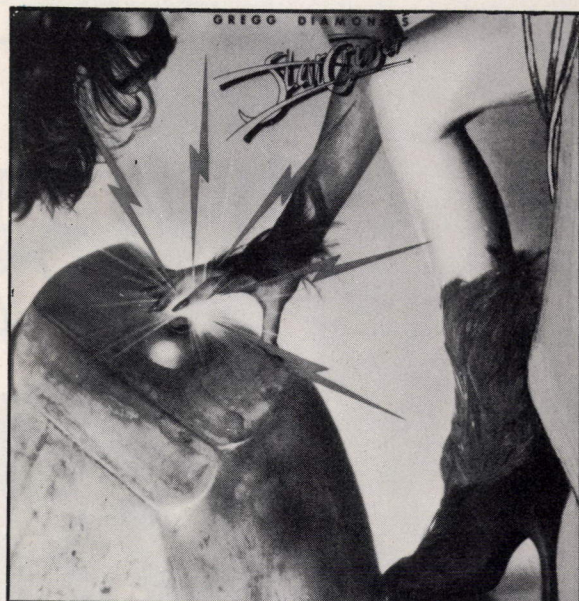


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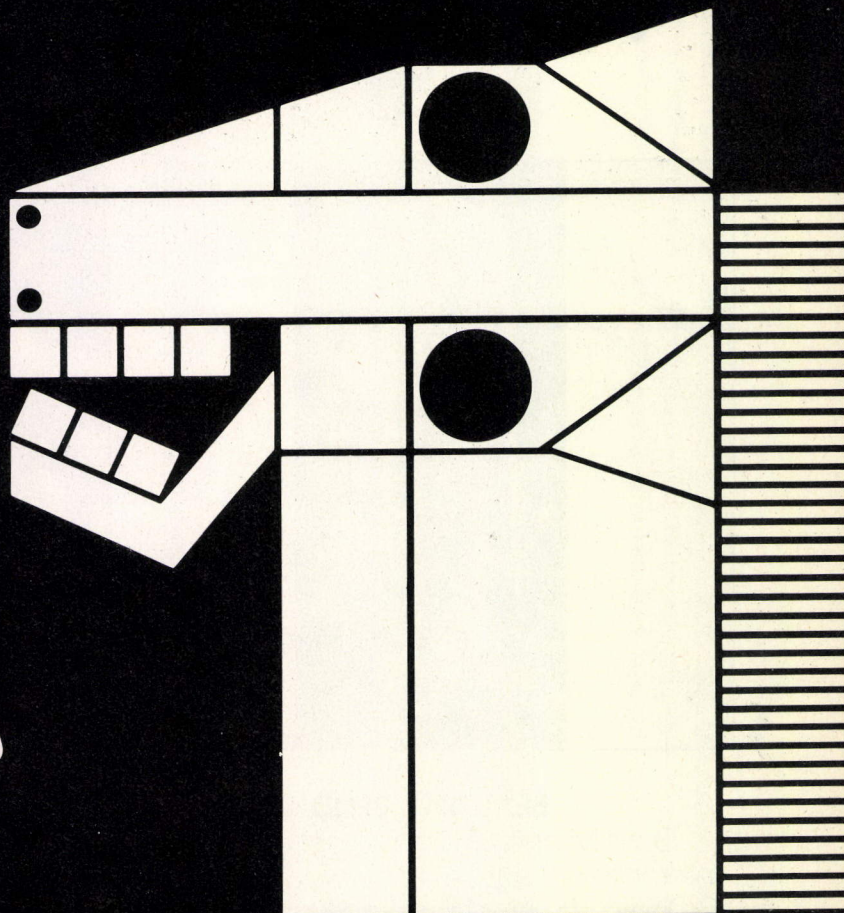
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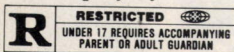
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WHAT'S IN THE NEWS: Broadway Buzz

by Brant Mewborn

Tour of the Wolf

When Catherine Wolf says she offers "An Actress' Tour of New York," she does not refer to arranging Shakespeare recitations at your



Catherine Wolf is an actress who knows her way around the Big Apple, and between roles she will show you the city's sights through theatrical eyes, on her unique venture, "An Actress' Tour of New York." (Photo by Alix Jeffry)

local community center, park, or off-off-off-Broadway hole in the wall. Hardly. Miss Wolf is a lovely young actress—indeed, an American favorite of writer-director Harold Pinter with whom she's worked on Broadway in *The Innocents* and *Otherwise Engaged*—who will personally guide parties of four or less on a theatrical tour of New York when she's not employed onstage. For a basic fee of \$50 per couple for a half-day excursion, \$100 for the day, or \$150 for the day and the evening, she will map an itinerary to fit the client's wishes with her own suggestions for visits to off-the-tourist-track shops and restaurants frequented by theater people, or those exclusive spots where celebrities and diplomats meet. When possible, she also schedules backstage stops at Broadway shows, though she doesn't usually arrange seats for shows unless plans are made well in advance. And if Miss Wolf is indisposed for some reason, or literally cannot speak your language, she will happily turn you over to one of her actor friends who can. Anyway you look at it, "An Actress' Tour of New York" is a refreshing variation on the conventional follow-the-leader, show-and-tell setup, and it's ideal for the theater-oriented visitor, or even natives who haven't had the chance to see this special side of their multifaceted hometown. If you call Miss Wolf for a consultation at (212) 362-5332, she can help you—as she so prettily puts it—"create a New York City you love."

Jacob Brackman: Attitude Writing

"I've been working on *King of Hearts* for three years and I've seen empires rise and fall," Jacob Brackman was saying rather wryly over the pre-theater crowd hubbub at Charlie's one recent afternoon. With the show premiering at the Minskoff on Oct. 22, Brackman will soon hear his lyrics sung to the world after having seen the Phillipe de Broca-Daniel Boulanger cult movie (starring Alan Bates) transformed into a musical. The project was an idea of composer Peter (Salvation) Link who has remained, along with Brackman, through major changes of the guard. After the first mounting in Westport, MA, last September, director Ron Field replaced A. J. Antoon, Don Scardino took over the leading role from Robbie Benson, and Joe Stein rewrote Steve Tesich's original script.

But that's show biz and it's been an informative introduction to the world of musical theater for the 35-year-old Harvard graduate whose eclectic background includes serving as an editor for *Newsweek*, a film critic for *Esquire*, a writer for *The New Yorker*, the author of *The Put-On* (a book on '60s pop culture), the screenwriter for *The King of Marvin Gardens*, the executive producer of the new Terrence Malick film *Days of Heaven*, and the cowriter with Carly Simon of her hit songs, "That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be," "Haven't Got Time for the Pain," and "Attitude Dancing."

Brackman, who made pop music with Carly some years after first meeting her at the

Indian Hill summer camp in the Berkshires, eagerly faced the challenge of writing for the theater with the realization that "writing lyrics for a show is like playwriting, because you have to shoe-horn words into a context that conveys each character's voice and point of view and also fits into the plot. Most of the songs are closely tied to the book, but maybe three out of the dozen can stand alone as love ballads and pop songs. I've also used the old-fashioned technique of writing little intros to the songs in the way writers like Cole Porter once did."

For those *King of Hearts* fans who loved the fragile, bittersweet movie about a French Village ruled by its insane asylum's inmates for one day during World War I, Brackman cautions them against expecting a replica of the film. "It's still a fairy tale, but where the movie was wistful and dealt in subtle colors, the show is broader and more entertaining in an American way, going in for the razzmatazz and the big goosebumps. Actually, the show has the potential to be a lot more moving than the movie." Which is just what Brackman and all the other *King's* men are counting on when their Broadway baby comes to town.

Annie's Got Alice Ghostly

What could be funnier than sitting in a dressing room with comedienne Alice Ghostly as she transforms herself into a wonderfully wicked, orphan-hating old maid for the Broadway hit musical *Annie* at the Alvin Theatre? Well, almost anything, or so it seems on the evening immediately following her first night

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as the successor to the role Dorothy Loudon created and won a Tony for. Miss Ghostly has plenty of charm to spare for her inquisitive backstage visitor, but she has no time for jokes. In fact, she is slightly nervous and much too eager to apologize for what she calls a "scattered" performance the night before. Not only is she her own worst critic, but in this fateful case, she is her only critic. The New York daily newspapers are on strike—a situation loaded with *déjà vu* for the actress who once spent an entire Broadway run under the same circumstances. The year was 1962, the play was S. J. Perelman's *The Beauty Part*, and the Tony nomination she earned for her performance was her only compensation for the absence of critical accolades.

Of course, Ghostly really has little to worry about today. Though all the awards for *Annie* (seven Tonys) have already been copped, I hasten to assure her that she definitely succeeds in adding new and hilarious nuances to the scheming, drunken Miss Hannigan, a flamboyant part designed to steal the show from Daddy Warbucks, little Annie, and even wonder-mutt Sandy. It's also perfectly tailored to Ghostly's idiosyncratic comedic style.

In response to this vote of confidence, she brightens and talks more easily about her career, constantly baring her teeth with the Cheshire Cat grin she's made famous in the countless TV and film appearances that have kept her in Los Angeles since her last Broadway triumph in '65. TV audiences best re-



Barbara Andres woos Ken Marshall in *Back Country*, a new country-and-western musical fable, loosely based on the J.M. Synge classic, *The Playboy of the Western World*. Opening on Broadway this month, the romantic comedy is directed by Jacques Levy, who also wrote the show's book and the lyrics. (Photo by Ken Howard)

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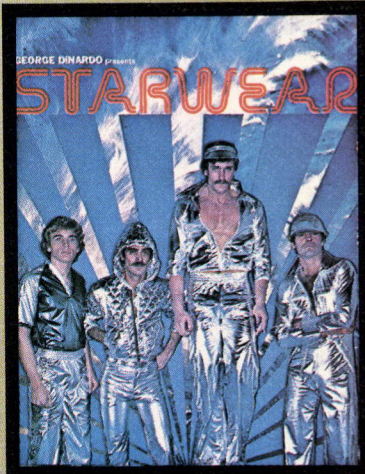
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member her three-year stint as the dizzy Esmeralda on "Bewitched," and moviegoers can currently glimpse her "abbreviated" role in *Grease*. "I guess they figured it was the kid's movie, so all the teachers' roles were drastically cut. When I saw the premiere, I was in a state of shock. There was nothing left."

Though Mike Nichols' aborted *Alice*, a musical updating of the Lewis Carroll fairy tale, brought our Alice back to New York last spring, her flighty Southern-flavored White Queen never got to reign. But the venture led Ghostly into Nichols' more successful *Annie* when Dorothy Loudon left to work on Michael Bennett's new musical, *Ballroom*. Now Broadway can enjoy America's leading lips-pursing, nose-twitching, head-wagging representative of the ridiculous school of neurotic comedy, in which Paul Lynde is Ghostly's exact male counterpart. Indeed, she is the one comedienne who can give Lynde a run for his funny-money—and there's a good reason for it. "Paul and I have been close friends since around 1950, and when we did *New Faces of 1952* together, everybody thought we were brother and sister. I guess it's because we're both from the Midwest and have the same sense of humor. He always makes me laugh, and we really enjoy each other."

New Faces of 1952, which also introduced Eartha Kitt, spirited Ghostly into a series of Broadway musicals including Leonard Bernstein's opera, *Trouble in Tahiti*. She next landed in a string of comedies, which cemented her reputation as a comedienne. Ironically, she received her only Tony Award for a serious role in *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*. "It was Lorraine Hansberry's last play, you know. She died the night we closed. Yes, it was a serious play," she giggles.



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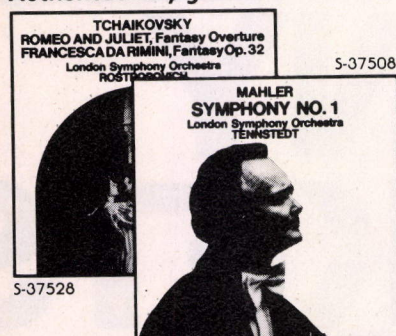
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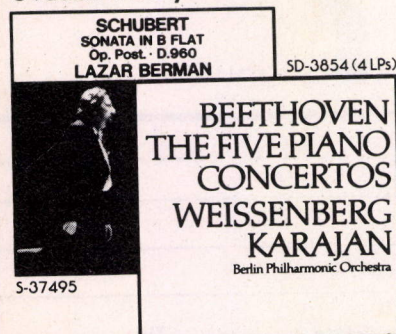
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Annie, of course, is not a "serious" play, but Ghostly's return to the theater will have her seriously terrorizing her little girls at the Alvin for at least a year. Living quietly and sanely with her sister in her familiar Greenwich Village haunts by day, she becomes the funniest meanie on Broadway by night.

Buzzlines

After all of Dustin Hoffman's hassles to maintain creative control of his work for his film company, First Artists, is he now considering a return to the stage? Maybe. His name is being tossed around for the starring role of a witty, passionate young sculptor, paralyzed from the waist down, who argues for the right to what could be called mercy-suicide in *Who's Life Is It Anyway?* Emanuel Azenberg, James Nederlander, and Ray Cooney plan to bring London's West End hit to off-Broadway later this season.... Maureen Stapleton has taken over Jessica Tandy's role in *The Gin Game* at the John Golden Theatre. E. G. Marshall had already assumed Hume Cronyn's position in Broadway's funniest, most tempestuous card game.... "The Ziegfeld Follies With the Original Cast, A Musical Celebration in Their Own Words" is the bill of fare at the American Place Theatre's annual benefit in mid-October. *The Grinding Machine*, the debut piece of playwright Annalita Marsili Alexander, opens the theater's fall season on Oct. 20. The next play will star Rip Torn as a thinly disguised Howard Hughes in Sam Shepard's new play, *Seduced*, directed by Jack Gelber.... The funny folks who made *Vanities* into a theatrical virtue are

back together again. Director Garland Wright, playwright Jack Heifner, the original *Vanities* stars—Kathy Bates, Jane Galloway, and Susan Merson—and a host of other actors are collaborating on a theater piece called *Music-Hall Sidelights*, based on Colette's short stories about her backstage experiences on the French music-hall circuit. The show opens Oct. 22 at the Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. (763-7930).

Classical Scene

by John David Richardson

Up and Coming New York Opera

The New York City Opera inaugurated the fall season in New York on August 31 with a two-week run of a new production of Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta* (directed by Frederick Roffman, scenery by Oliver Smith, costumes by Patricia Zipprodt) featuring Gianna Rolandi, Jacques Trussel, Alan Titus, and conducted by John Mauceri. Other new mountings entering the repertory included Giordano's *Andrea Chenier* (directed by Nathaniel Merrill, scenery by Robert O'Hearn, costumes by Suzanne Mess) performed on September 14 with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks. Emerson Buckley conducted. Beginning September 24, Beverly Sills and Donald Gramm headed the cast in Andrew Forter's new English version of Rossini's *The Turk in Italy* (directed by Tito Capop-

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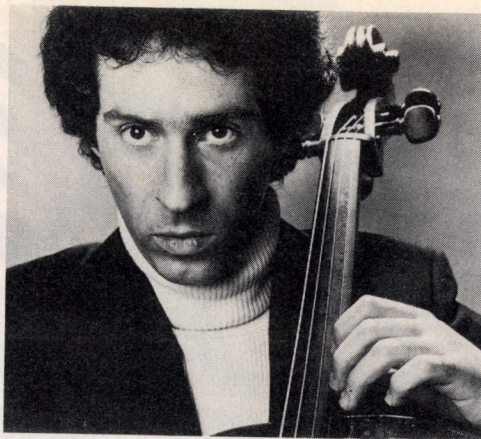
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bianco, designs by John Conklin). Julius Rudel conducted. Revivals are Korngold's *Die Tote Stadt*, Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and Weill's *Street Scene*, the latter given new direction by Jack O'Brien and new costumes by Nancy Potts. Good news is a new series of Wednesday matinees; bad news is higher ticket prices except for subscribers.

The new 30-week season at the Metropolitan Opera began on September 18 with a gala performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The first of five new productions, Britten's *Billy Budd* (directed by John Dexter, design by William Dudley), took place the following evening. Richard Stilwell (and later Lenus Carlson) sang the title role, with Peter Pears as Captain Vere and James Morris as Claggart. Conductor Raymond Leppard made his Met debut. Beginning October 25, Smetana's *The Bartered Bride* (directed by Mr. Dexter, scenery by Josef Svoboda, costumes by Jan Skalicky, choreography by Pavel Smok), is an English version by Tony Harrison, featuring Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela. James Levine conducts. Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* (directed by Mr. Dexter, designs by Desmond Heeley) enters the repertory on December 7, with Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, and Gabriel Bacquier. Nicola Rescigno makes his Met conducting debut. On February 5, a new production of Verdi's *Don Carlo* (Dexter again directs, sets by David Reppa, costumes by Ray Diffen) features a mighty cast that includes Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Veriano Luchetti



Cellist Nathaniel Rosen was recently awarded the Tchaikovsky Gold Medal, the first instrumentalist since Van Cliburn to take the first prize. He will be appearing under the auspices of the Naumburg Foundation at Alice Tully Hall on October 26. (Photo by Jack Mitchell)

(debut), Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Tito Gobbi. James Levine presides in the pit. March 8 brings the San Francisco mounting of Wagner's *Der Fliegende Holländer* (production and design by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle) with Carol Neblett making her debut in the company of Jose van Dam. Peter Maag conducts. This season there are also a number of important revivals—(*Parsival*, *Elektra*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Fidelio*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *The*

Magic Flute, *Aida*, *Luisa Miller*, *Norma*, *Carmen*, *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, *Werther*) and important debuts, especially from the Russian sector (Vladimir Atlantov and Yuri Mazurok). Unfortunately, ticket prices for the more desirable locations will be higher than last season.

On The Town

by Pat Wadsley

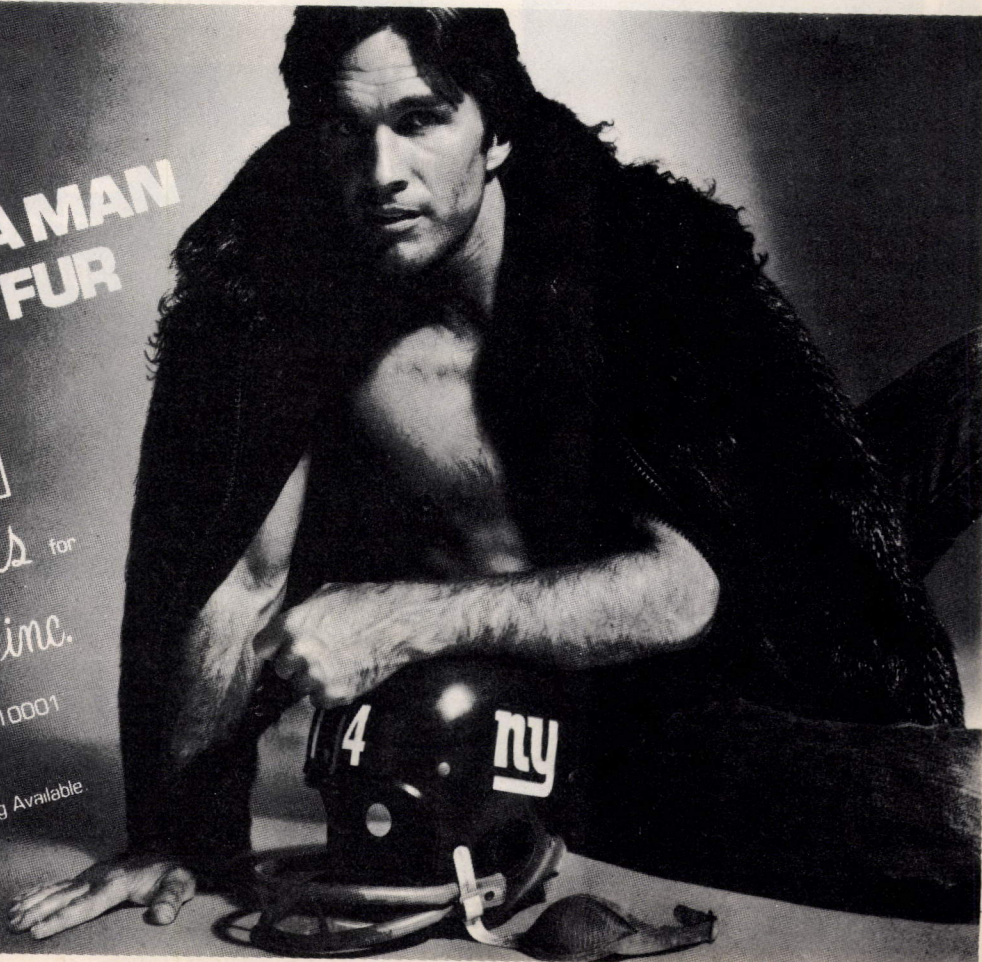
Remember when camp following was something you did after falling for an Army man? Followers of camp had a field day recently when *Gotham*, the three, mega-energized entertainers whose uniforms are strictly Hawaiian hand-me-downs, took over Reno Sweeney's for a power-packed, two-week stint. Opening the same day NYC's celebrated "Scoop the Poop" crusade took effect ("Mayor Koch should know we've been shovelling that stuff for years now"). *Gotham*'s fast and furious set was replete with humor for the locals—"It's good to be back in Reno's. The last time we were here we opened for Novella Nelson. Have you ever tried to tell jokes to a roomful of Angela Davis freedom wigs?"; comedic insight into current musical trends—"Disco is the heartbeat of the nation...our favorite group is the Village People, you know Macho Man? In fact, *Gotham*'s going to move to Miami, start our own disco group and call them the Jewish People. Our first single's Matzo Man, backed

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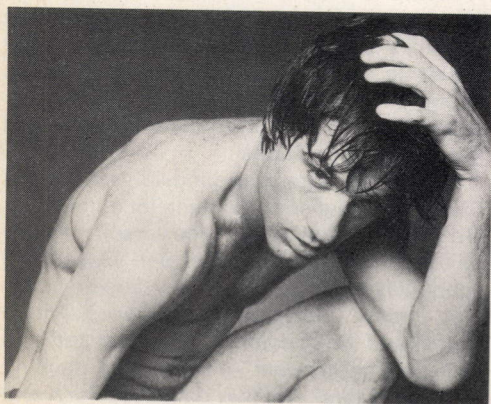
D.J. Tim Zerr

★ *Scandals*

At the corner of Hollywood Boulevard on La Brea

with Love to Eat Lox Baby..."; and the scoop on New York's stylishly gay—"There's only so much you can wear with construction boots... G.I. drag; hate the war, love the look." Rapid fire repartee is not all Gotham's got to offer; betwixt the froth and frivolity is their strongest musical suit. Potent three part harmony strengthened by the brilliantly cohesive musical direction of Ron Abel, served superbly through such numbers as Peter Allen's "Rio," the tap-dancing choreography of "Music Makers" and "4/5 Times," and was hotter than ever on such pop memorabilia as "Lightnin' Strikes Again" and "Johnny B. Goode." This powerhouse package only loses momentum during the solo ballads, three syrupy interruptions in this otherwise completely energizing evening. Three ballads are certainly not reason enough to stop Gotham from being the best, the tightest, and the most enjoyable they have ever been.

Whatever happened to **Lance Loud**, PBS' American Family's prodigal son of a few seasons back? Loud's current incarnation is as rock star and non-punk leader of the Mumps. "I look upon my role in the band as the organ grinder's monkey who mesmerizes the audience for their gram of interest," says Loud. "Once they see what I'm dancing to, they'll realize the the overall importance of the band." Lance Loud is one of the new breed of sex symbols. At a recent gig at Hurrah's discotheque turned hot rock gathering place, Loud and the Mumps turned on more than libidos with numbers like "Brain Massage," about the current trend towards mass introspection and "I Like to be Clean," about the current tendency towards asexuality. All were told to the forceful driving rock beat of Paul Rutner on drums and Mumps composer Kristian Hoffman's melodic piano scores. Loud provides the visual focus, a moving target of muscular acrobatics, designed to entrance and entice his audience into rapt attention—which he does with no trouble at all.



Lance Loud, prodigal son of PBS' "American Family," is back, this time as a rock star and leader of his musical group, the Mumps.

On the other hand, **Ann Reinking** is a lady who seems to be having a problem enticing at all. Content with *Dancin'* until now, she recently set out to prove she is just as good at singin', and that is where the trouble begins. For her engagement at the too steamy Grand

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Finale, Reinking, dressed in a dancer's black leotard and a derby, icily delivered such over-worked numbers as "All That Jazz" and "Fever," while practicing dance routines last seen on "Hullabaloo." Reinking vocalizes in a muscular monotone, meandering in and around each melody and only scoring a direct hit with "Makin' Whoopee." On this number, Reinking's star quality shown through, her huskily raspy delivery demonstrating why she is the belle of Broadway. But the rest of the show suffered from lack of highs or lows, uninspired choreography, and general tired blood. Next time, won't she please try it out in New Haven?

Downtown New York, in ever-so-stylish Soho, the Ballroom played host to **Liz Corrigan**, a lady who, if there is any justice in the cosmos, should have a record deal by the time this hits print. Liz's looks say arts-and-crafts teacher, but her languorously liquid alto is strictly sultry torcher. She is hottest on numbers like the extremely erotic "Mrs. Jones," a self-penned tune about an ill-fated May-December romance; "Seperate Rooms," a mellifluously bittersweet tune written by Alan Menken, a talented composer now emerging as a performer too; and "Back in the Bars Again," a number which is not exactly a paean to the joys of aloneness.

Behind Both Screens

by Norma McLain Stoop

Al Pacino stars in a Columbia film which begins shooting in late October in Baltimore. The working title is *And Justice for All*. Norman Jewison directs a script by Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin. Charlie Milhaupt is production coordinator.

Million Dollar Smile begins shooting in San Francisco's Cow Palace in mid or late October, with Alan Carr producing and Bronté Woodard writing the script. It's a one-hour pilot for a projected CBS-TV series about the country's top male model. Though loosely based on Matt Collins' adventures, a rodeo, rather than a horse-show milieu will be used. Edward Albert stars in the leading role, and Pat Ast will also appear.

If the producers of the movie version of *A Chorus Line* are still searching for actors who are excellent dancers (or vice versa), they can be found. We're all aware of Ben Vereen and John Travolta. But how many people know that Joseph Bottoms ("The Dove," "Holo-caust," and the upcoming "Cloud Dancer" and "Return Engagement") has studied dancing for seven years? Not only ballet, tap, jazz, and modern dance, but also Afro-Cuban.

The news that AFI and UNESCO brought some eminent foreign directors, including Michael Cacoyannis, to Los Angeles for a symposium in August, reminds me of a talk I had with the great Greek director when his brilliant film *Iphigenia* opened towards the end of 1977. When I remarked that Greece is still a very macho, man's country, he agreed but qualified his statement with "I don't think Athens is more macho than any big city.

Women have been very vocal there, very independent, for a very, very long time. Greek women have a lot of personality, more than the men in some ways. A strength and a kind of bravura in the way they face life. In the last adventure we had in Greece, it was the women who were in the forefront. And look at Mercuri, look at Pappas! These are *women*."

As to Greece, Cacoyannis says, "I always want to live in Greece, though I could work elsewhere. But for a filmmaker, Greece is fantastic. There's the completely different quality of the light, which has to do with the quality of the air. Now we have a pollution problem in Athens, but you used to get out of the plane, and it used to hit you like you could stretch out your hand and touch the mountains. It's still incredible in the islands. And nature," he adds, "is a man's dimension. Everything has to do with a man's relationship to nature. Most religions are tremendously imbued with mysticism, but there is none in Greek legend. Why? Because of the clarity. The farther north you go, the more mystical you're inclined to be, because of what nature does. On a misty winter day in Germany's Black Forest, it's full of ghosts, spirits, and devils, but you can't walk in Olympia, or Delphi," Cacoyannis laughs, "and imagine a ghost springing out. You can see *everything!*"

CITYSCAPES: London

by Michael Leech

Scofield in Family Fragments

I've always been an admirer of the remarkable talents of Paul Scofield—his eloquent stage presence and voice of polished mahogany. His new vehicle at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, is, alas, a weak one. *A Family*, a play by Ronald Harwood, came into London from a run in Manchester because one rash and unreliable critic said it could fill the Haymarket for a year. The setting is a series of households of a single family, presumably Jewish. The warm yet stifling atmosphere of love and possession is well presented during the first act. Pa and Ma (Harry Andrews and Irene Handl) are an indomitable couple, their children headed by son Freddy (Scofield) are all weaker vessels. In Freddy's past is a love affair in war-time Italy that his father broke off, and the memories return and rankle. We are well set up for a hard-driving second act to clue us in on the mysteries of the first, but it never comes except in the symbolic release from the family of a neurotic niece by Freddy's actions. The play falls into disappointing fragments, and even the acting (very good from Scofield and that deft comic, Handl, but boringly one-dimensional from Andrews) doesn't save it from being a dull evening.

Susannah York's Transcendent Transvestism and Some Pirate Drags


One of the most unusual and gripping evenings in the theater was provided by a play in a tiny Hampstead playhouse. *The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs* featured Susannah York in a

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rare role—a woman who all her adult life masqueraded as a man because it was the only way she could work. The action takes place in a Dublin hotel, and concerns her lonely search for a mate. Adapted from a novel by George Moore by Simone Benussa, *Albert* was a big success in Paris at the Theatre d'Orsay. It has excellent acting with a memorable central performance.

Other women dress as men in the new play at the Royal Shakespeare's London home, the Aldwych. *The Women-Pirates Ann Bonney and Mary Read* by Steve Gooch is heavy-going in its depiction of the early 18th-century Spanish Main.

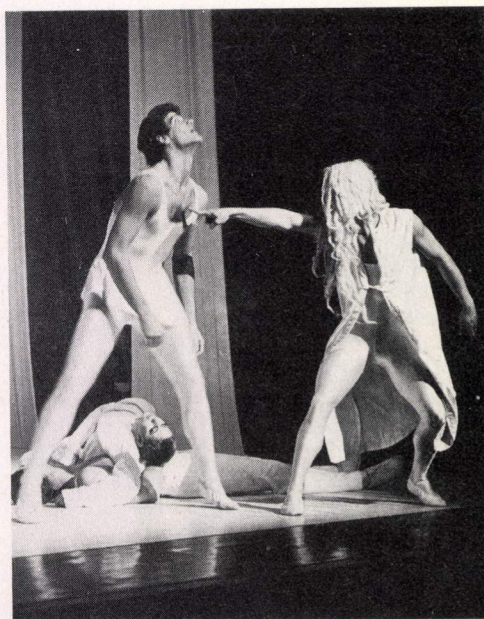
Backstage America

The successful *Great American Backstage Musical* has just opened here, and during its rehearsals at the Regent Theatre, I had a chance to talk to its director. Bob Talmage has never worked in London before and he's thoroughly enjoying it, finding his English cast ready and willing to be stretched into a musical mold. For one-time Joffrey dancer Talmage, the show is a big change from his tits-and-feathers Las Vegas acts.

Remembering Hess and Robeson

Memorable one-man shows playing recently included *Hess*, a portrayal by Michael Burrell of the Nazi leader, now sole prisoner at Spandau jail in Germany, and *Paul Robeson* portrayed by James Earl Jones. This show from New York played at the cavernous Her Majesty's, but Jones' eloquent acting came through in a fine showing. Excellent support for Jones came from pianist-singer-actor Burt Wallace.

Australia



Ross Philip, as Oedipus, and Ramli Ibrahim, as Tiersius, appeared in Graeme Murphy's *Poppy*, a dance-theater experience representing the life and art of Jean Cocteau, set to the music of Carl Vine and presented by the Dance Company of Australia. (Photo by Branco Gaica)

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Los Angeles

by Viola Hegyi Swisher

Nightwing-ing It with Warner

Britain's David Warner racked up three peaks of excitement while starring in Martin Ransohoff's science-fact film *Nightwing* for Columbia: swaying from a rope 80 feet above terra firma while suffering an attack of vertigo; driving a jolting jeep across a rugged Arizona desert when he didn't even know how to drive a purring Mercedes along the calm, palm-lined byroads of Beverly Hills; finding instant rapport with director Arthur Hiller.

"With Hiller directing, you're part of the process, not simply a puppet," says David, taking endive-caviar-avocado potluck at Patrick Terrail's Ma Maison. "Arthur's a totally non-dictatorial director."

Purple PR prose describes *Nightwing* as a white-knuckle, gut-wrenching encounter with the mystique of Southwest Pueblo Indians and blood-thirsting vampire bats. It was filmed in great secrecy with who knows how many horrendous flying rodents giving Nick Mancuso, Kathryn Harrold, and David a run for their fresh-minted stardom.

Not wanting to over-intellectualize about bats, David ventures a career point instead. "Having played Hamlet, a western, comedy, a musical, Chekhov, Ibsen, historical, and horror films," he allows, "I've been tabbed as difficult to cast!"

Showbiz Rondo, Quite Capriccioso

Against all odds, entrepreneur Leonard Grant accomplished the miracle of opening the new entertainment complex, Scandals. Peggy Lee, his star, was suddenly hospitalized with hepatitis. His dazzling mirror-ceiling disco was still under construction, but a brilliant laser show was beamed against a black backdrop. With warmth, charm, and poise, he hosted hordes of guests crowding Scandal's stunning showroom where Della Reese graciously performed as sing-in for Peggy. The doors of the elegant private club atop Scandal's beautiful winding staircase were flung open and a gracious welcome was given to everyone. He deserves every success.

Elton John and Rocket Records heard the first waves of deejays' hoorays when RCA welcomed them at a launching of the label. Flower-decked tables transformed RCA's Studio B into a chic luncheon rendezvous to introduce Colin Blunstone and selections from his *Never Even Thought* album, and Lorna Wright in five stylish cuts from her album, *Circle of Love*.

An amorous, modern-day Dracula in *Love at First Bite*, George Hamilton wound up a day's shooting to attend festivities at his Transylvanian castle, temporarily located on an MGM soundstage. A forbidding bat, carved out of \$400 worth of frozen black ink, heart-shaped steaks impaled on tooth-sharp picks, and Bloody Marys dripping from I.V. bottles whetted appetites for Gothic-flavored comedy in the upcoming Melvin Simon production.

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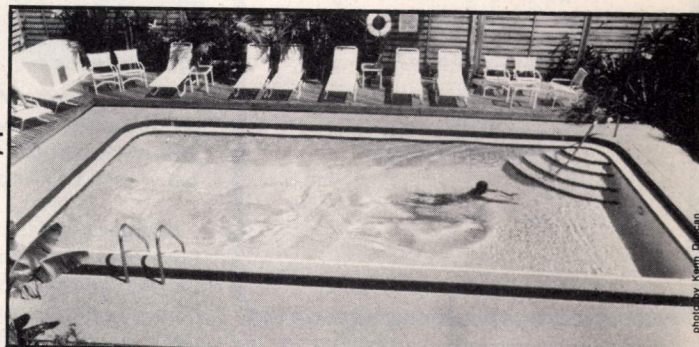
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Robert Altman quietly put soundstage guests to work disco dancing, munching, and quaffing in a noisy scene for *A Romance*, his new Lion's Gate film starring Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.



Della Reese was the opening-night attraction for the cabaret room at Scandal's, the new, lavishly-appointed entertainment complex catering to Los Angeles' glitterati.

Making a splash at Circus Disco's Party of Surprises: Toni Basil, Linda Hopkins, Patti Brooks, and the *corrida's* Bette Ford, judging dance contests, hailing hairdos, and adding their own color to the flashy scene.

Here, There, and Wherever

With a blade of sharp wit, Murray Langston at the Comedy Store slashed his way out of the paper bag he hides under as the Unknown Comic. From scatology to sophisticated comedy, he exploded a farcically twisted, laugh-loaded something-for-everybody act.

Vocalist Eileen Barnett made such a hit in her recent solo one-nighter at Studio One's Backlot that she opens October 10 for a full week of song and satire. Eileen's first win at Studio One was with Billy Barnes' act.

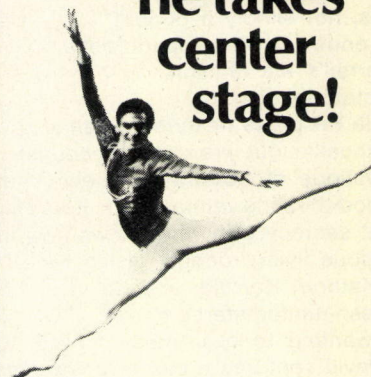
Trust Taper artistic director Gordon Davidson to bring cultural exchange from the rarefied socio-political realm into nitty-gritty reality. After the Hōshō Nōh Theater's final L.A. performance, which was like an excursion into an enchanting living gallery of 600-year-old Japanese art, he thanked the cultural exchange artists, then quipped that our contribution to this particular exchange was "a trip to Disneyland, a breakdown on the freeway, and shopping at Gucci's."

Long Beach Performing Arts Trust took over the poolside roof garden of BevHills' L'Ermitage Hotel one sparkling sunset to alert L.A. opinion makers to LB Center Theater's first festival of two classical and four established contemporary plays, under artistic director Norman Twain and exec producer Lewis Chesler. Among the players: Richard Thomas, Jill Clayburgh, Elizabeth Ashley, Stephanie Powers, and James Whitmore. Solidly funded and run by pros, the project's prospects,

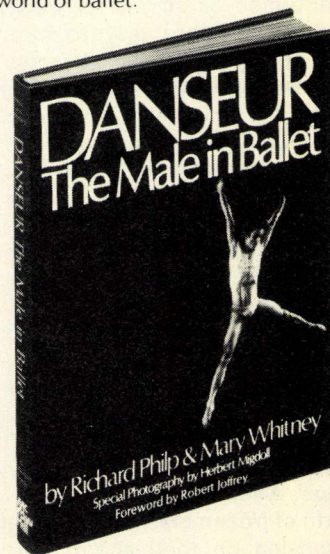
(continued on p. 76)

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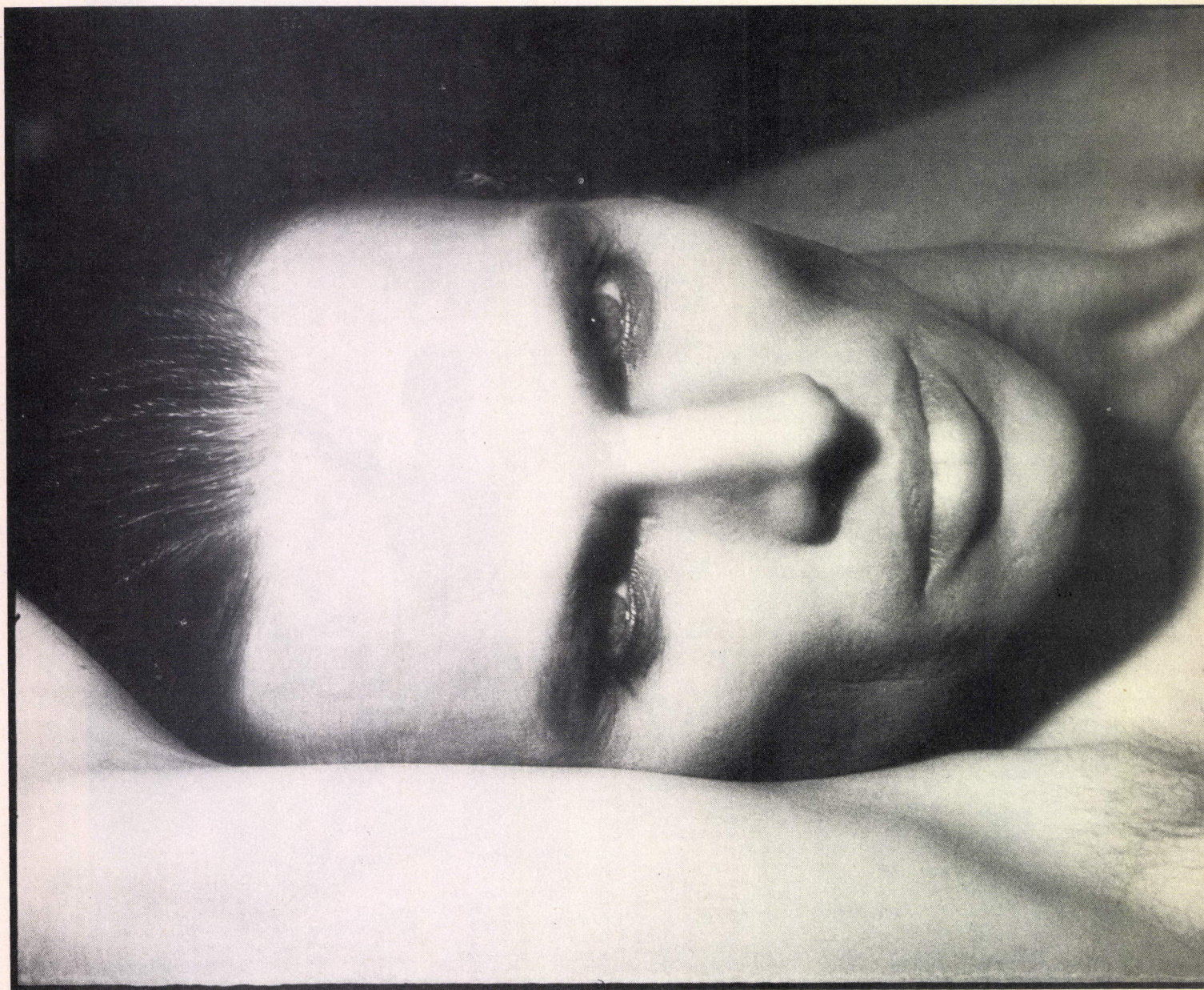


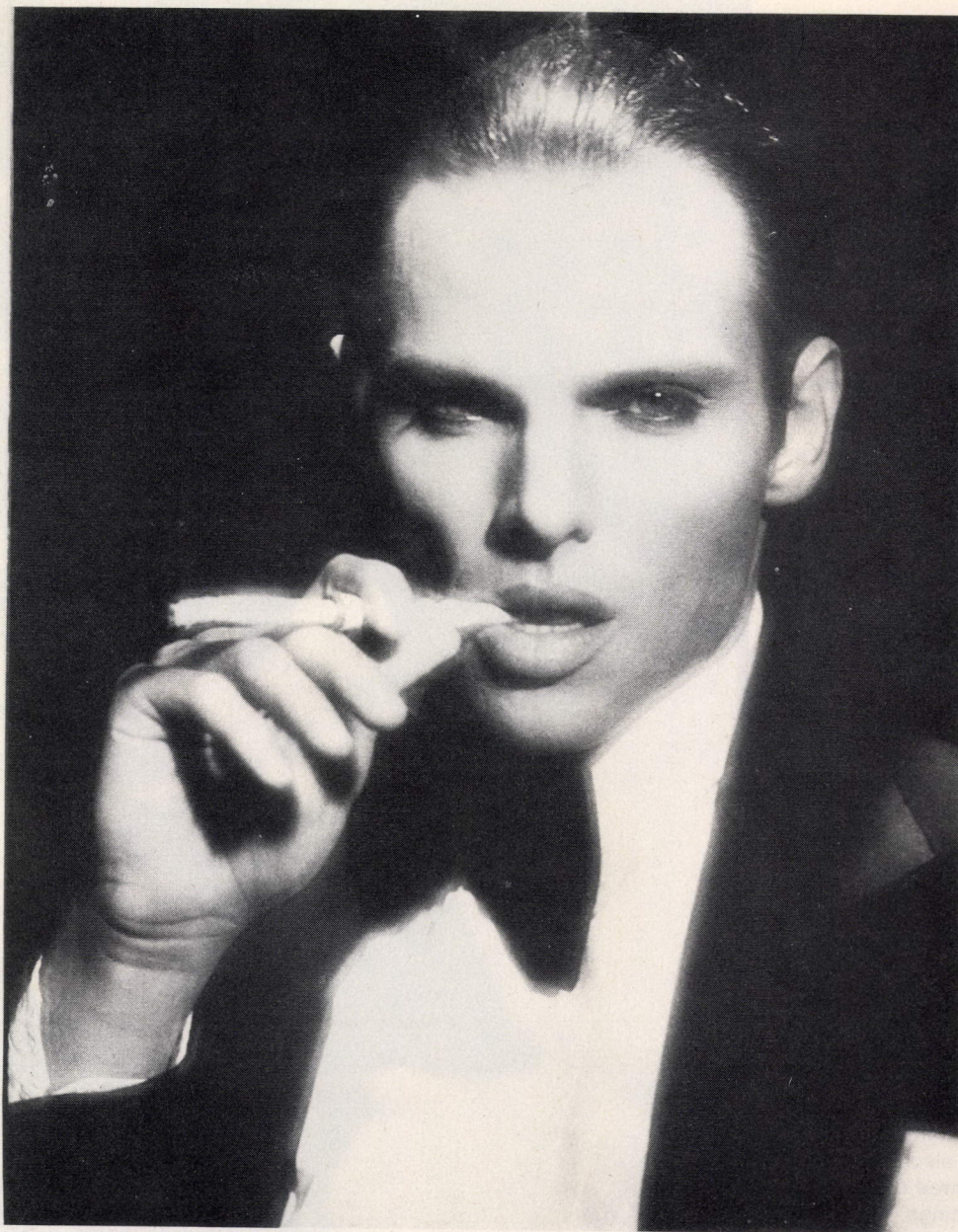
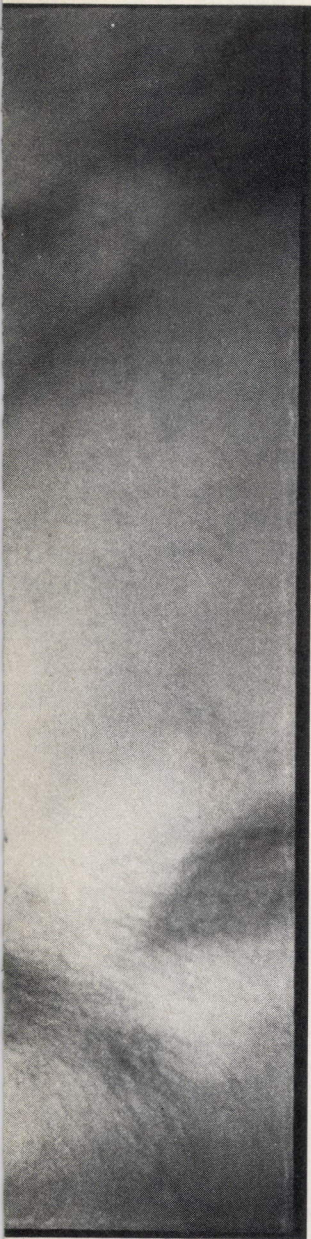
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HIRAM KELLER'S CONTINENTAL COOL

photos by Steven Arnold
makeup by Koelle

by Paddy Faralla

Although he was born in Georgia, Hiram Keller is commonly mistaken for a young Dutch or German actor because of his name and because he has been working for the last ten years in the moody, expressionistic *euro-surrealiso* film market. His seeds of narcissistic youth were sown in Europe where his intensely beautiful physical features were appreciated more than in the United States. Now a mature man with many international memories to savor, his energy is directed toward establishing himself as

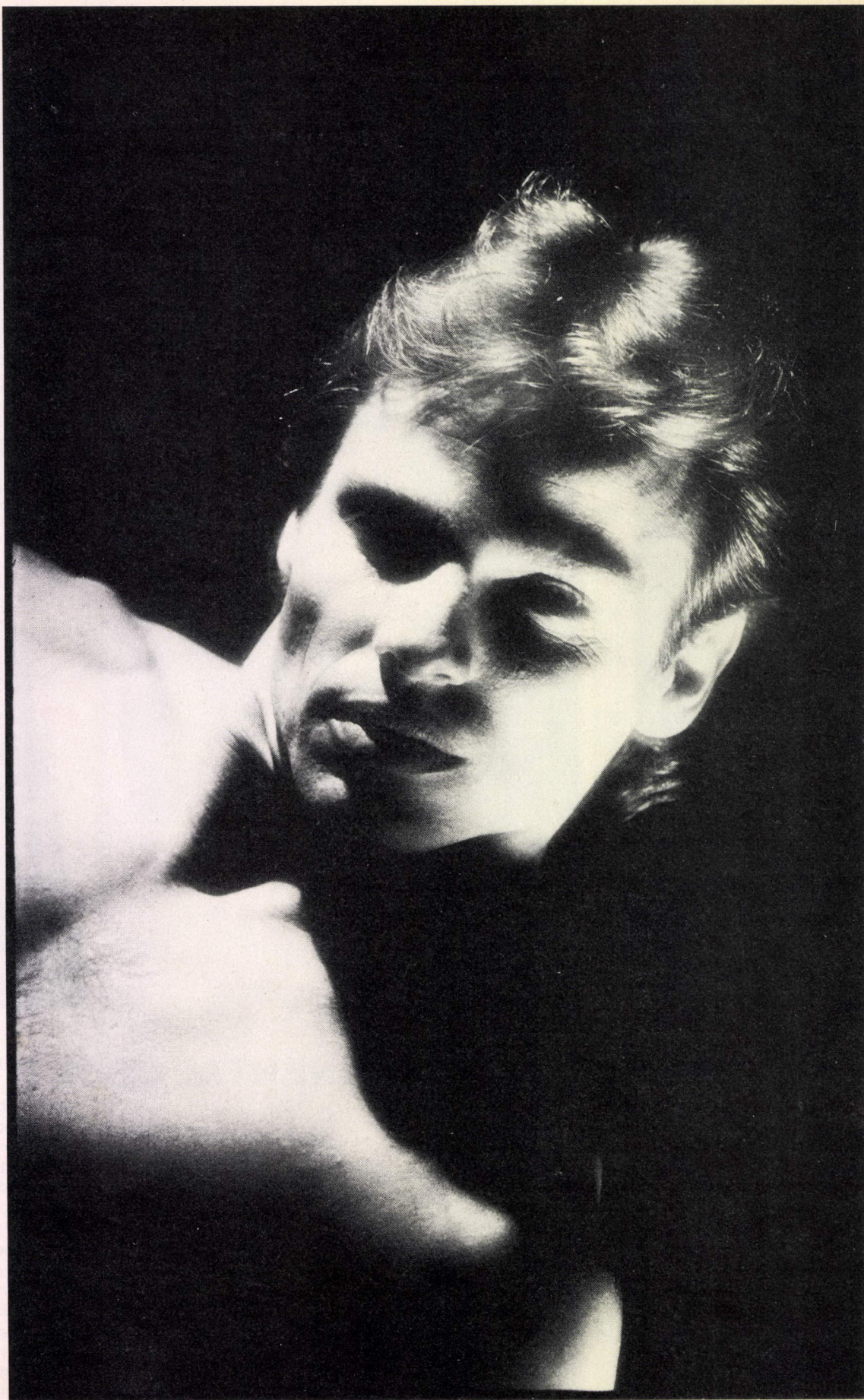
a star on these shores.

"It's been hard because I've had to re-acclimate myself," Keller explains. "I'm also a specific type that's hard for people to cast. A lot of people that I meet in the business say, 'Oh, I thought you were European.' They don't think I'm American. I think now, with the work I'm going to do, that this will change."

Franco Zeffirelli discovered Keller in the Broadway cast of *Hair* and brought him to Federico Fellini's attention. This introduction led to his starring role in Fellini's *Satyricon*, followed by other European film assignments. Keller will now be involved in the next three Roger Vadim films, with starring roles in two of them, as well as a film called *Country Man*, directed by Perry (The Harder They Come) Hanzel. Shot in Jamaica this summer, it costars Keller with a young Rastafarian named Country Man. "The film is like a combination of Tarzan, kung fu, and James Bond all rolled into one. It's very much an adventure film, very much, also, a political satire."

Reflecting upon his current state of affairs, Keller says, "I really have to think about how I'm going to get to tomorrow morning or to this evening. It's like a minute to minute adventure. I've also grown up a lot in the last three or four years. All the things that happened to me in the beginning of my career, I have to admit, were very difficult for me to handle. It blew my mind way out of proportion, but now it's back down to earth, and I'd like to keep it that way."

"I've always been a scene person," Keller continues. "I always liked knowing everybody. But that's changed a lot in my life, too. I really don't care for all of that anymore—at least not the steady habit I had before. I'd just as soon be quiet and be out of the heady mainstream of the constant social whirl." But Keller won't be out of sight. His elegant profile should soon be highly visible on American movie screens.





"JUST A GIGOLO"—BOWIE IN BERLIN

by Chris Huizenga

The David Bowie of the outrageous makeup and multicolored hair; Bowie as the voice of desolation and madness; Bowie as the personification of debonair pop and ironic rock—that is, the various images of Ziggy Stardust, Diamond Dogs, and the Thin White Duke—are no more. In their place, the new Bowie is boyishly handsome, sartorially dapper, and conversationally sardonic. One might imagine he recently traveled to Germany to join the disco group, Kraftwerk, instead of to visit Brian Eno, the electronic wizard behind Bowie's two latest, not-so-successful albums. Yet, his real reason for being in Berlin, apart from art school and Eno, is the filming of *Just a Gigolo*, the Joshua Sinclair-David Hemmings reminiscence of Berlin during the decadent days of the Weimar Republic. Not that the city itself does not exert a powerful influence on the singer. This is the place, after all, where many of the horrors of the twentieth century were conceived. Now, almost in retaliation on the real estate itself, the city is quarantined by walls and fences from the rest of the world, providing a star of Bowie's magnitude some respite from the bothersome attention of fans, writers, and photographers.

It's a classic reversal of the usual Berlin-to-Hollywood progression, whereby the European genius emigrates to Tinsel Town in search of fame and fortune. Rather, Bowie has abandoned the drug-and-sex-crazed scene on the Pacific for a more moderate existence within the sequestered confines of the first modern "walled" city. Here he can live in a condition of quasi-anonymity and devote himself almost exclusively to the artistic expression of his creative needs—painting, music, and acting. Even for the chameleon-natured, multifaceted Bowie, who has led his audiences through a myriad of changes since his emergence on the rock scene, straight acting does not come easy, largely because of the Bowie persona which tints every character portrayal with a suggestion of high humbug, or a hint that this might only be a frivolous escapade to be followed by a more serious tour to promote one of his records.

Still, cinema is something of a passion with Bowie. It appeals to his peculiar "technician" inclinations. Furthermore, the personal success of his performance in *The Man Who*

Fell To Earth prompted him to continue reviewing scripts for other roles. Although offered the lead in *Stranger in a Strange Land*, he turned it down for fear of typecasting, but he was intrigued by David Hemmings' suggestion that he star in *Just a Gigolo*, a despairing re-creation of tawdry lifestyles in Berlin just after World War I. Consonant with Bowie's superstar image, Hemmings assembled an equally powerful supporting cast, who by their distinctive movie personae might make up in recognition what the film might otherwise lack in substance. Kim Novak, the last of the blonde sex sirens of the 1950s, portrays a society matron who first seduces Bowie and then leads him into the life of a professional taxi dancer, as such young men were known in those days. Marlene Dietrich is resurrected in her first film role in seventeen years, and cast into a composite of all her movie roles, playing a baroness who recruits young men into her army of escorts for elderly ladies. Kenneth More, Curt Jurgens, and Maria Schell appear in cameo roles designed to use their special associations to the best possible advantage.

Director David Hemmings is perhaps best known for his portrayal of the bored photographer in *Blow Up*, that remarkable film of the 1960s that emphasized the alienation of man from his natural surroundings. In *Just a Gigolo*, that clinical antiseptic has been muddled with the historical refuse of a collapsing society. Alienation is still the controlling factor, but one that has been synergized into a kind of ultimate separation. The film purports to show the "intelligent helplessness" of a Prussian officer returning from the front in 1918 to a country that has literally come apart at the seams. The whole fabric of German culture has been shredded and discarded along with the Hohenzollern dynasty. The visible symbols of authority have been replaced by a vacillating government that no one can respect; a dizzily unstable economy is being systematically destroyed by the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles; and a new relativity of values has totally undermined the traditional orthodoxies of crown, church, and *Kultur*. It's in this ever-popular, nostalgic setting that Bowie as the demobilized and demoralized Prussian officer finds himself. He is penniless

and adrift in a Germany he scarcely recognizes. Unable to find suitable employment, he becomes a gigolo, and the film, while dancing along on a string of pearls (cameos), proceeds to its unavoidable denouement when Bowie is accidentally killed by a stray bullet in a shoot-out between the Brownshirts and the communists. While the Bowie character has professed no particular allegiance to either side, the Nazis claim him as their martyr in the climactic scenes.

In an interview with London's *Melody Maker*, Hemmings has lavished considerable praise on Bowie's performance: "The character he plays makes things happen by default. His presence is always there in the action, but he never quite gets it right—a quality that David definitely does not have. On the contrary, I think David is an achiever. He chances his arm on things and succeeds in most of them. A renaissance figure, I think."

This period of German history is especially attractive to Bowie (in many areas it was a second golden age for German letters, music, art, architecture, science, research, and technology), who has recently been studying Expressionism, both in painting and literature. He finds the aesthetics of the so-called "Bruecke" artists very much akin to his own feelings about art, and possibly about music. He favors a heavily contoured dissonance in line and color, convolutedly primitive yet alive with polarized and combative tensions.

Bowie had come to Berlin with the admonition from Christopher Isherwood that he (Isherwood) had invented that whole trendy period with his books—a declaration that must also mean that this relatively minor English novelist had invented such substantial figures as Heinrich Mann (of *Blue Angel* fame), George Grosz, Stefan George, Gottfried Benn, and numerous other observers of that scene. In any case, Bowie was delighted with his introduction to Berlin. He could peddle around the city on his three-

Rock star David Bowie plays a penniless Prussian soldier turned gigolo in David Hemmings' film, Just a Gigolo, which costars Marlene Dietrich and Kim Novak. (Photo by C. Simonpietri/Sygma.)





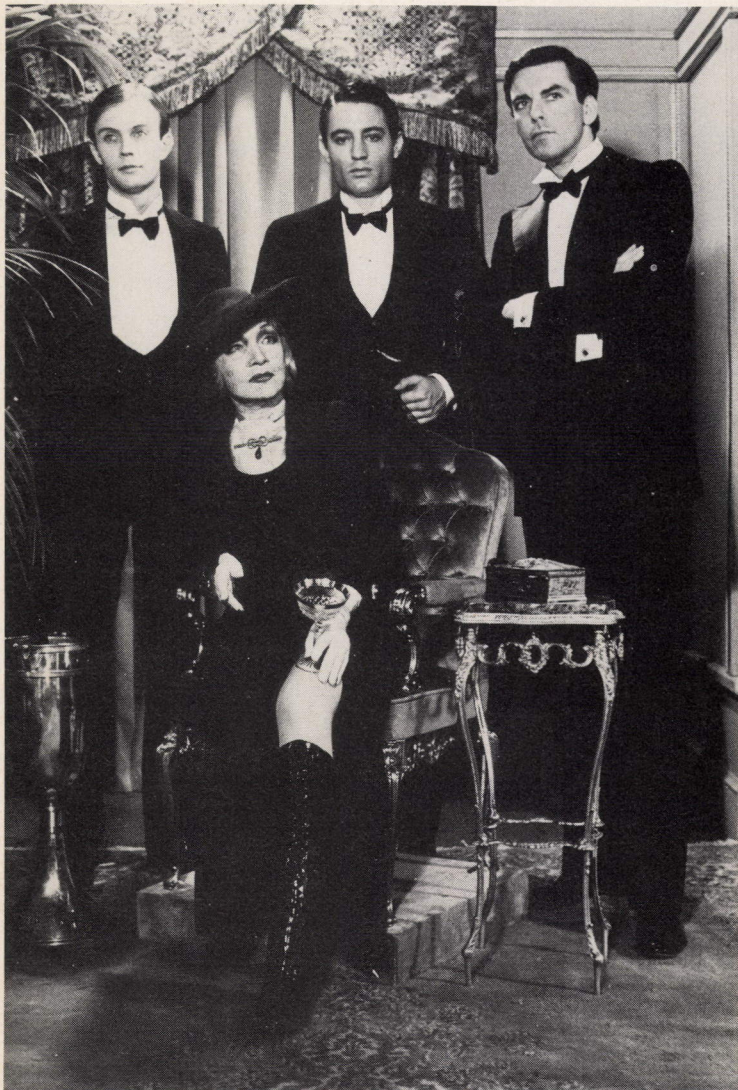
In her film comeback after seventeen years, Marlene Dietrich (left and right, photos Sipa/Black Star) reveals that she is still the master of femininity. She was reported to have been paid a quarter of a million dollars for two days

of filming. In Just a Gigolo, she portrays a Prussian Baroness who recruits young men to escort elderly ladies. (Photos by C. Simonpietri/Sygma)



speed Raleigh, attend art lectures, and enroll in drawing classes, visit museums, and stay aloof (he speaks no German).

Even as he revises the plans for his next album, Bowie is hard at work on developing a screen treatment for his next film. It is tentatively called *Wally*, and will deal with the brief and unpleasant life of the German artist Egon Schiele, whose renowned fondness for little girls got him into serious trouble with the authorities. Bowie's film career is obviously more than an interlude between laying down tracks on a new album. It seems to be a serious venture and a positive direction in his ever-changing career. And now that he has staked out a claim on some very interesting historical territory, one hopes that he comes up with a treasure.



Making her film comeback along with Dietrich is Kim Novak as a society matron who starts Bowie into the life of a taxi dancer, the term used after World War I to describe gigolos (above right, photo by C. Simonpietri/Sygma). Filming in Berlin (where Bowie makes his home), director David Hemmings went to every length to assure authenticity of costume and mood, which is evident in this photo of Kim Novak and Maria Schell (at right, photo by Alain Dejean/Sygma).



MACH



The sound of the machine, its steel outstripping the speed of sound—Mach 1—cues the look of the future, a sleek sophistication untouched by sentiment or ornateness. (Photo by Francis Ing)

The advance previews on 1984 seem so hair-raising, so bleak—less of everything at dearer cost, terrorism, ennui, fidgety-fingered Russian generals—that a few smart souls have elected to go ahead and have their future early.

No doubt the first few seconds of Orwell's year will be greeted by toasts in Cold Duck and confetti. But Those Who Know ushered 1978 into history not once, but several times, owing to the Mach 2 velocity of an Air France Concorde that left Paris primed to press its titanium nose against all those time zones, each time ripping apart the ionosphere faster than the year itself. This stunt seems to augur the arrival of a new style, a new feeling, whose impetus springs from what has become a lock-trance fascination for the machine aesthetic. One could call it Mach chic, swiveling on the term (after the Viennese physicist Ernst Mach) for the speed of sound. Its gathering thunder has been heard here and there for almost a decade—in the arts, in fashion, and especially in architecture, indoors and out. High-powered tastemakers on both Atlantic coasts have finally made the magic connection that has suffered *coitus interruptus* since the first overtures by the Italian Futurists in Paris, 1909: that machines are not only helpful, but, indeed, divine. The early Futurists' reaction against decadence—the languid Art Nouveau and false, regal Beaux Arts styles of connotative decoration—led them to proclaim a new age of order, speed, and precision, literally, a First Coming. But why such a long wait?

Anyone with a taste for paradox will appreciate the irony in the future's sixty-year-late arrival. The Futurist Manifesto by the Italian painter Marinetti declared that salvation lay in the mystical power of the steam turbine, the automobile, and the airplane. The Futurist architect Antonio Sant'Elia designed a *Città Nuova* for Milan that threaded rail lines and auto lanes with a landing strip between fearsome glass-walled towers—suicidal but still shimmering with the

CHIC THE FUTURE IS HERE

by Nathan Fain

promise of the machine. World War I intervened with its own mechanization, its airborne warfare and gassed trenches. The Futurists were rediscovered in the early 1920s by a new generation eager to eliminate war forever, and what better way to do so but to embrace the passionless severity of the neutral machine? The aura of Utopia began to settle over Europe, typified by rhetoric emanating from galleries with influential magazines, such as *Der Sturm* in Berlin. The Constructivist painter Laszlo Moholy-Nagy held an exhibit of works he had fashioned over the telephone, thus announcing: "To be a user of the machine is to be of the spirit of this century. It has replaced the transcendental spiritualism of past eras...."

Walter Gropius removed the Bauhaus from Weimar to Dessau in 1925 to begin its high period of cold, hard, linear modernism, a style many found unacceptable because of its severity and lack of "human warmth." It was an aesthetic he actively tried to convince Hitler would thrust Germany into a millennium beyond even Hitler's dream. In one of the great ironies of history, the Nazis drove the Bauhaus from Berlin in 1932, just as Stalin was dissolving the Constructivists in Russia who held the same vision for the Revolution. To Hitler, the blank face of modernism was too neutral to be exploited in the way Werner van Braun's rockets could be used, and he denounced Gropius and Co. as "Art-Bolshevism" from which German feeling must be rescued. The Russians, men such as V. Y. Tatlin and El Lissitzky, were held to be bourgeois and subversive. A similar struggle in China between technocrats and Mao Tse-tung led to the Cultural Revolution that set back modernization in China.

Control is the issue. Demagogues thrive in the cult of personality and propaganda, exactly what the Futurists and their heirs wished to destroy forever. The future would make us free, they said, and have a look at these stark white houses, give an ear to this noise-collage music, take a gander at this stainless steel art. And the wholesalers of the

radiant future provided plenty of verbiage to go with it, enough to paper the planet. Most people took one look and went right out to buy rooms full of French moderne. The Chrysler Building was thought to be the last word when it went up, but the Seagram Building that came in 1958, nearly thirty years later, had existed in Mies van der Rohe's imagination since the early 1920s. Public taste would seem to reject the modernistic sheen as too cold, too inhuman. People want to be caressed by what they see and hear and touch. Mach chic offers none of that and has nothing to say to the masses. But watch the citizens leaving New York City's Studio 54 or Xenon discotheques around 3:30 on a Wednesday morning, eyes pinpointed on the snazzier pharmaceuticals, legs twitching from hours of relentless, raw pulsing, and their heads covered with what appears to be particles of space debris. One may gauge the hauteur of these trendy folk by the glow of glamour they collect in their sonic boom disco-joy, in the feral sweep of laser beams and proton-decay colors that flood the dance floors—behind it all lies the holy machine. In these techno-tabernacles, the love that is celebrated finds the moon in June with a spoon up its nose. The adherents of Mach chic take what they need to remove themselves, at near lightspeed, from the old enemy of plutocracy—the dumpy, cloying, sticky goo of bourgeois sentiment.

The new Futurism thus enjoyed requires brains, stamina, and money. One may zip to Mars and beyond via ups, downs, vasodilators, and the cousins of cannabis so long as one finds the proper setting; drugs alone are not enough, nor are they even necessary. One must be prepared to soar into the universe, beyond the run of the common. There is no place in Mach chic for good humor and the Hustle. It has nothing to do with Travolta or Spielberg or even *Star Wars*.

The first film to celebrate the machine, cast it as a villain to promote a social message. Fritz Lang's 1926 *Metropolis* seized on the

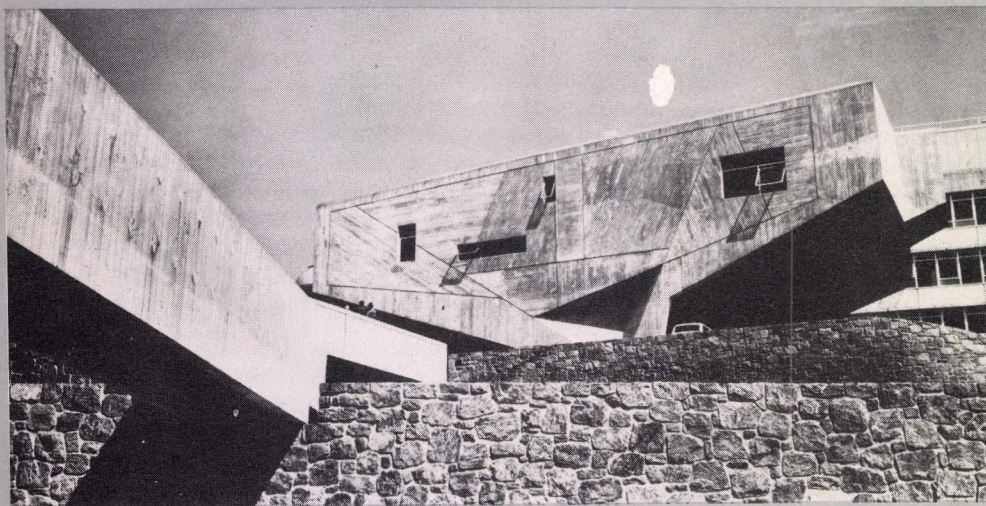
popular notion that machines would end up controlling their creators. The Czech dramatist Karel Čapek coined the word *robot* in his *R.U.R.* five years before. By 1929 Lang had made the first real science-fiction adventure, *Die Frau im Mond*, grandfather of the new generation of space flicks that began with *2001: A Space Odyssey* and extends through *THX 1138*, *Silent Running*, and *Star Wars*. All of these films seduce the viewer by playing on the terrifying coldness of the future as well as its majestic enigma. The first repels, the second attracts. Mach chic resolves the conflict by permitting its devotees to absorb all that coldness into a vaulting narcissism. One may now be the universe in all its immense blankness. The exclusivity afforded one by a direct line to synthetic intelligence, through the artifice of all the latest technology, can withstand assault from anything else. Even academic philosophy has degenerated into linguistic analysis in a frantic search for the tangible,

Filmmaker Fritz Lang saw the future in 1926 and made it into a classic sci-fi movie, *Metropolis*. Although Lang cast the machine as a villain to promote a social message, he was one of the first to celebrate futurism and machinelust, which developed into an aesthetic movement that has been experiencing a kind of coitus interruptus evolution up until its current resurgence throughout the arts. (Photo courtesy of the William Kenly Collection)





Then and now: Above, Walter Gropius' "Master's House" at the Bauhaus in Dessau, Germany, where modern architecture was codified and taught. Below, Bauhaus master Marcel Breuer's Lecture Hall for New York University in the Bronx, New York—an aggressive statement of the futuristic mode. (Photos courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art)

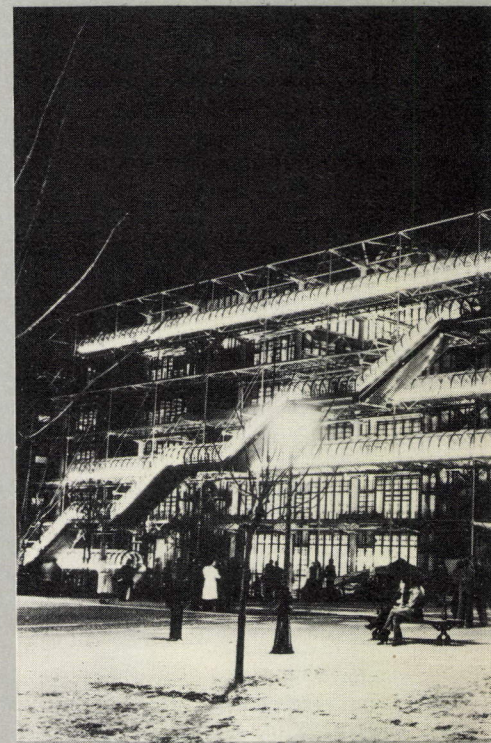


provable, hardness of applied science.

The new style finds no higher statement nor harder edge than in its industrial-minimal designers. An example: near Monza, Italy, sits a house by Angelo Cortesi built on a metal frame covered by corrugated iron and polyurethane inside, painted aluminum and mirror glass without. It is seamless and monochromatic, but strangely erotic in its glacial challenge. Likewise the new Slick Style, an official architectural movement typified in Manhattan by the Citicorp tower (Hugh Stubbins), the Bronx Developmental Center (Richard Meier), and the U.N. Plaza Hotel (Kevin Roche-John Dinkeloo). All three apply mirror glass and aluminum skins over severe geometric shapes. They look like

space ships against which no object nor emotion adheres. Stark in their elegance, they are akin in style to, say, the reflective dazzle of the Gwathmey & Siegel interior of Shezan, a New York Pakistani restaurant somewhat colder than anything in Karachi. Interior architects such as Joe D'Urso capitalize on the unsentimental properties of white Formica and black Pirelli rubber flooring to erase a room entirely, leaving space for decoration by human presence. Such generosity puts raiment into a whole new category.

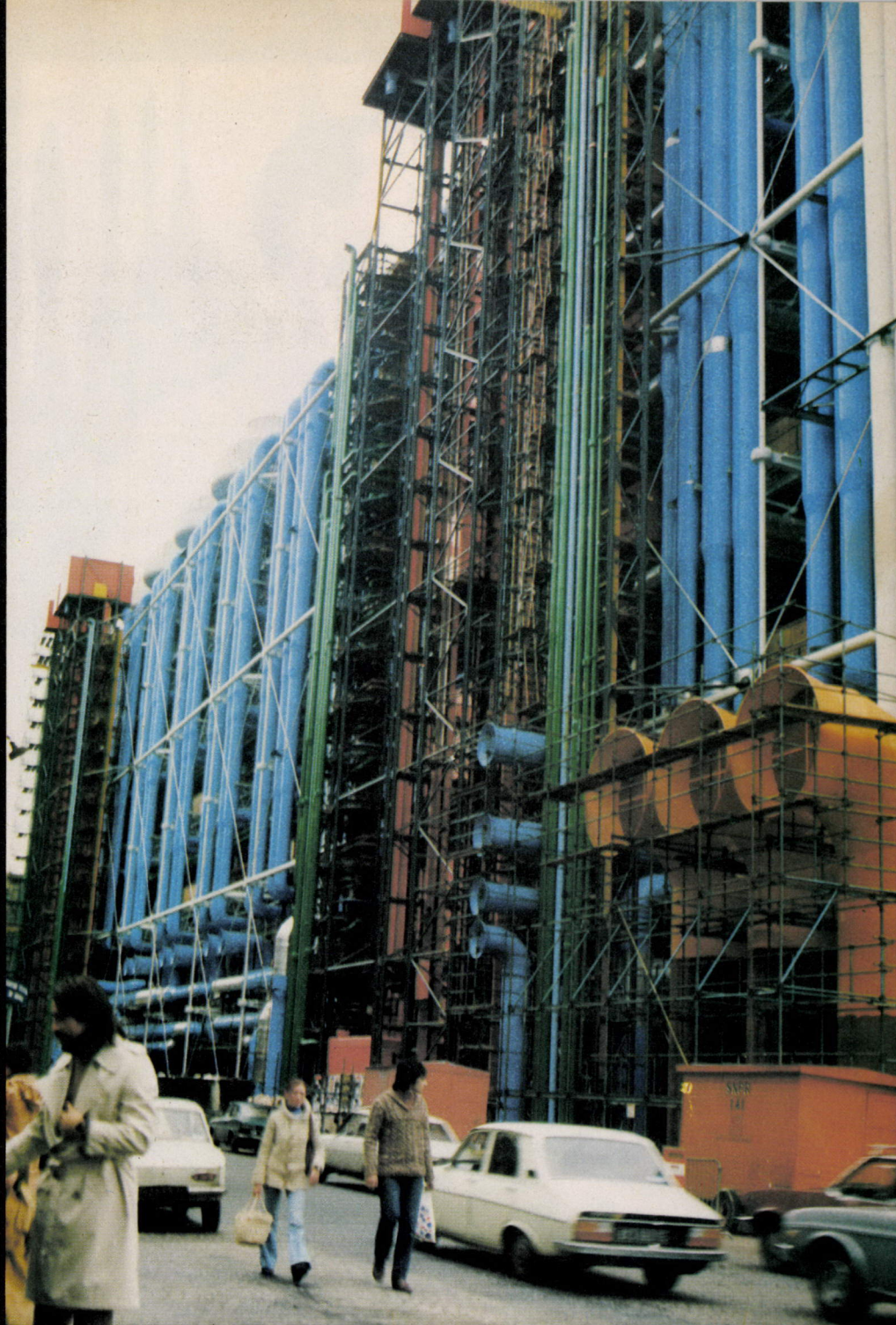
Fashion designers have shown machine-slick costumes for years with no appreciable success on a big scale, Rudi Gernreich leading the pack with his bare-all bathing



suits and rakish hair designs. The tide appears about to turn this fall as Paris toys with black leather (Lagerfeld, Montana) and military swagger (Kenzo). A touch of cruelty has entered this wing of fashion, and not every American woman will buy it. But the padded shoulders and SS boots you are shortly to see marching at you on Main Street will surely enhance the long gait and hard set to the jaw that mark a certain kind of urban woman.

The advent of mechanolatry in music, beginning in 1913 with the Futurist composer Luigi Russolo and his concerts of random noise, has led in the formal sense to a new Concorde-style gambit by the government of France. Pierre Boulez has

Two aspects of the "high-tech" style of the Centre Pompidou in Paris, known familiarly as the Beaubourg, where director Pontus Hulten leads the French government's heavy investment in the future, including a huge studio complex given to composer Pierre Boulez for his exploration into electronic computer music. (Photo courtesy of the French Cultural Services)



been given many francs to set a research team for composers of electronic music, among whose number he figures prominently, as does Karlheinz Stockhausen. Boulez has been given a big section of the spacey Centre Pompidou in the former Les Halles district with the hope he can create new artistic capital to restore the prestige Paris has lost to New York and London in art and music. The impact of the new adventure could prove as dubious as the Concorde; it is certain both will forever serve a select and limited audience. Ever since the Russian Lev Theremin invented in 1920 the keening instrument that bears his name, attempts to mechanize music have met deaf audiences, more often than not, in the concert hall.

Popular music, on the other side of the question, has sailed gleefully into ever more complex distortions, thanks to R. A. Moog's synthesizer. But not until new talents such as Brian Eno, held by people like David Bowie as a messenger of the New World, has the neglected lyric quality of computer-generated music been realized. Eno's *Before and After Science* evokes timeless spacescapes and images of a Zen-like intelligence, derived from his pursuit of cybernetic intelligence. His very braininess sets him beyond the gloss of artists such as Tomita (Japan) and Jean Michel Jarré (France) whose roots are nineteenth-century Romanticism traduced into a Europop blandness. Eno applies his "oblique

strategies" to the studio computers to produce chance encounters, an idea he developed out of such disparate sources as John Cage and the Tibetan Buddhist monk Chogyam Trungpa's teachings. In his collaborations with Bowie in two albums, *Low* and *Heroes*, Eno has enhanced the almost infinite breadth of his musical textures. Much of it sounds, to rock-cultured ears, weird; but not, as *Rolling Stone* put it, "Captain Beefheart or Yoko Ono weirdness." The Bowie-Eno sound is certifiably the new weirdness, a lineal descendant of Futurist style, at once ancient and supremely new.

More nearly allied to an unabashed *maschinenlust* is the West German foursome Kraftwerk ("powerplant") with home offices in



The German musical group (at left) posed in Russian Constructivist severity for their newest album, Man-Machine, calls itself Kraftwerk—power plant. The group's disco music borrows futurist motifs to create a mesmerizing drone, endless strands of machinesong.



The Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre (below) helped bring futurist principles to modern dance, as in this mechanistic ensemble piece, using human figures as robot-like ciphers in a complex system. (Photo by Tom Caravaglia)

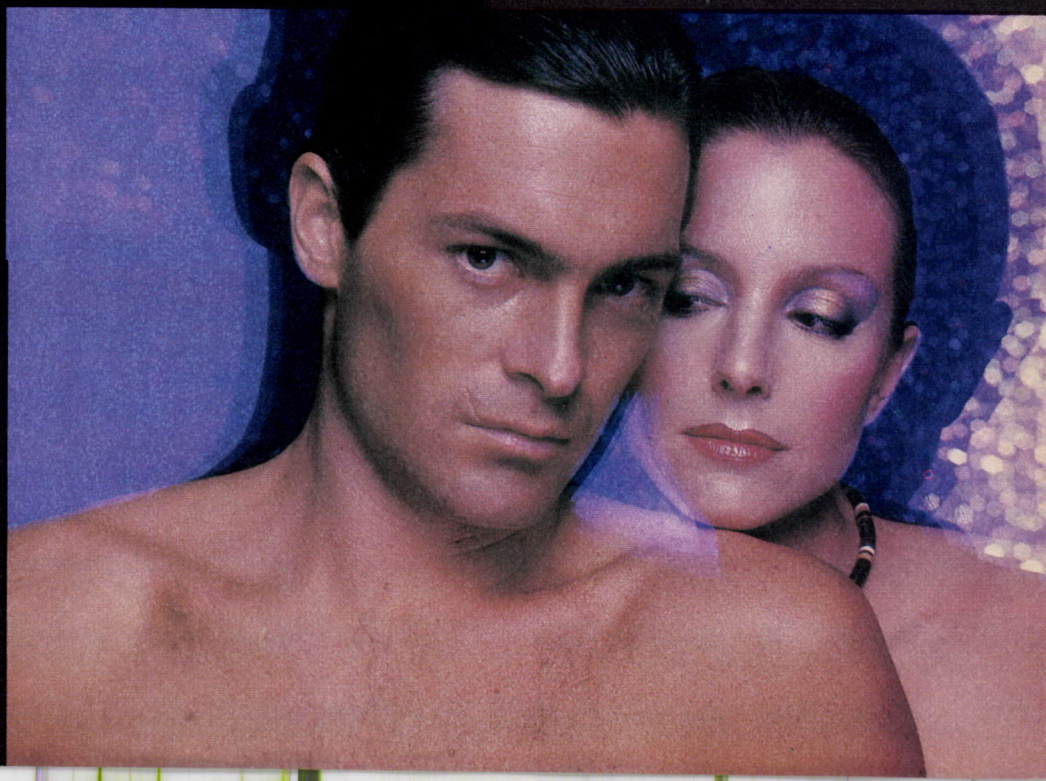


West Germany's most irredeemably industrialized city, Düsseldorf. In their Kling Klang Studio they have since 1970 been getting to know their machines in an atmosphere of near-adoration. Their albums, *Trans-Europe Express*, *Radio-Activity*, *Autobahn*, and the new *Man-Machine*, head up the subzero department of the German disco movement, as opposed to the considerably hotter sound out of Musicland in Munich. It was there that Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte begot Donna Summer, who in turn begot the whole soul disco craze that owes much to its Teutonic origins but is softened, humanized actually, by the tribal African frenzy that drives its eroticism. Kraftwerk takes its inspiration directly from the 1920s German Expressionists and Bauhaus visionaries, with a tip of their uniform hats to Lissitzky on the album cover of their *Man-Machine*.

Their music, such as the endlessly droning "Trans-Europe Express," celebrates mechanical speed with canonical forms similar to those of Americans Steve Reich and Philip Glass, but with none of the latter's uprushing emotion. Kraftwerk gives us the sound of ambient radio signals laden with a holy awe. In a recent interview they spoke (in deeply serious tones) of the mistreatment machines have suffered from people; they believe their machine-music will elevate them collectively to the level of the *Übermensch*, transcended beyond modest humanity. Their zone is the disco, where "the energy is higher in collective groups" and where they wear uniforms that dissolve personal identities into each other and into the relentless pace of their music. They would like to bring machines "up from the ground and into the air with us, all free and open. We have made them unhappy, that's why they pollute the world."

Kraftwerk seems particularly fascinated by the mystique of the robot. "We would all like

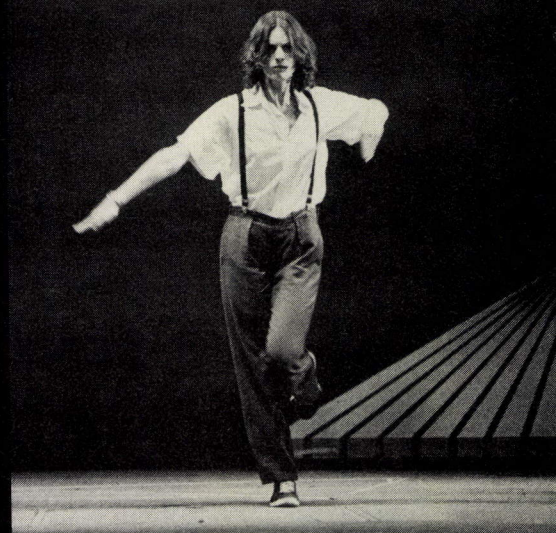
Futurist fashion holds its glamour as high as the Concorde flies, relying on cold geometric simplicity to achieve the look of Mach Chic, above and at right. (Photos by Francis Ing)





Laser beams, like those in this Laser: Beam: Joint artwork by Kenji Usami, rake the electrified habitués of the disco, mother church of the Mach Chic sensibility, where the ambiance is supersonic, the music not of this world. (Photo by Shunk-Kender, courtesy of Experiments in Art and Technology)

to get transplants if we could, to be all made of glass," says Ralf Hutter. "We have been attacked for staying with our machines; still, we only come alive with them. We like ambivalent situations, like mannequins coming to life...something that is 'in between.' Then...we feel free. We grew up after the war with this imported Coca-Cola culture from America, not German at all. So now we are taking up what Hitler cut short. You know, Germans don't go halfway with things; they go all the way. And so we believe in what we are doing very much." To be sure, such talk smacks of Fascist submission to



order. But the nature of the order Kraftwerk worships is the everywhere and all-at-once order of the universe, and the music they make suggests release from control. It is the sound of pure, raw energy from the stars.

A fascination similar to Kraftwerk's suffuses the stagings of Robert Wilson's events, the most monumental being his *Einstein on the Beach* in the winter of 1976 in the Metropolitan Opera. To a Philip Glass score and against gigantic sets of a steam locomotive, Wilson presented a marathon of blankness punctuated by endlessly repeated simple phrases and the "turning" dances of Andy de Groat. This and like shows, such as *I Was Sitting on My Patio...* at the Cherry Lane Theater, eschew feeling for a higher abstraction meant to echo echo echo its way into the ozone. The mechanical nature of these performances may have other intentions, but the mood conveyed is unfailingly opaque and steel-hard.

Art museums have had their brushes with machinery, notably the Museum of Modern Art's participation in Pontus Hulten's international exhibit in 1969, "The Machine," and the 1971 "Art and Technology" show at the L.A. County Museum of Art. The newest of many approaches from art to machine lies in the minimalist sort of formality, the utterly lifeless compositions of Sol LeWitt in his recent MOMA show. Not the jokester, like



Robert Wilson's futurist theater pieces reach their zenith in *Einstein on the Beach* (above photo by Babette Mangolte), staged in New York's Metropolitan Opera House. Wilson



appeared with Lucinda Childs in *I Was Sitting on My Patio...*, at the Cherry Lane Theater in New York, an enigmatic exercise in verbal duplication (above photo by Horst).

Fritz Lang's 1926 *Metropolis* (below) set the stage for dozens of films that hold a frightened fascination for the power of machinery and its potential to control its human benefactors. In *Demon Seed* (1977) (bottom), Julie Christie is raped by a computer.

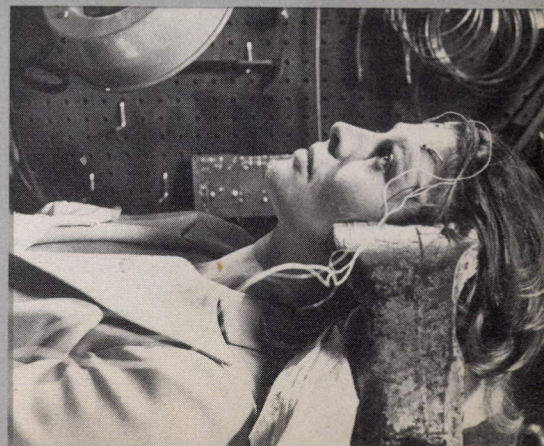
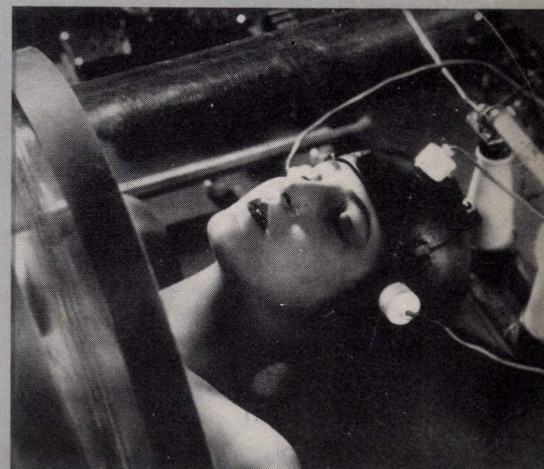
Tinguely's self-destroying contraptions or Claes Oldenburg's banal appliances grown to monumental scale, LeWitt takes the precision of the machine into the realm of classic order, simple and pure. Again, nothing adheres. There is no meaning of the kind coming even from the flat colorists and the piles-of-sand-on-the-floor brigade. LeWitt's work relies on systems alone, and no funning around.

Collaborations between art and dance dating from the *ballets mechaniques* of the 1920s have produced the gadety "events" of Merce Cunningham with Robert Rauschenberg, the androids of Alwin Nikolais, and the entire spectrum of "performance" groups who blur the boundaries between art and dance altogether. Futurist ideas have propelled both disciplines earlier and further than any others, yet the first impetus often returns in such extraterrestrial works as *North Star*, by choreographer Lar Lubovitch, to the synthesizer suite of the same title by Philip Glass. The Glass music was, in turn, commissioned by Francois de Menil for his film on the work of the sculptor Mark di Suvero, itself titled *North Star* after the sculptor's towering piece (*Etoile Polaire*) in the Luxembourg Gardens of Paris, a steel girder tripod-and-spire of compelling mystery. These interconnected elements

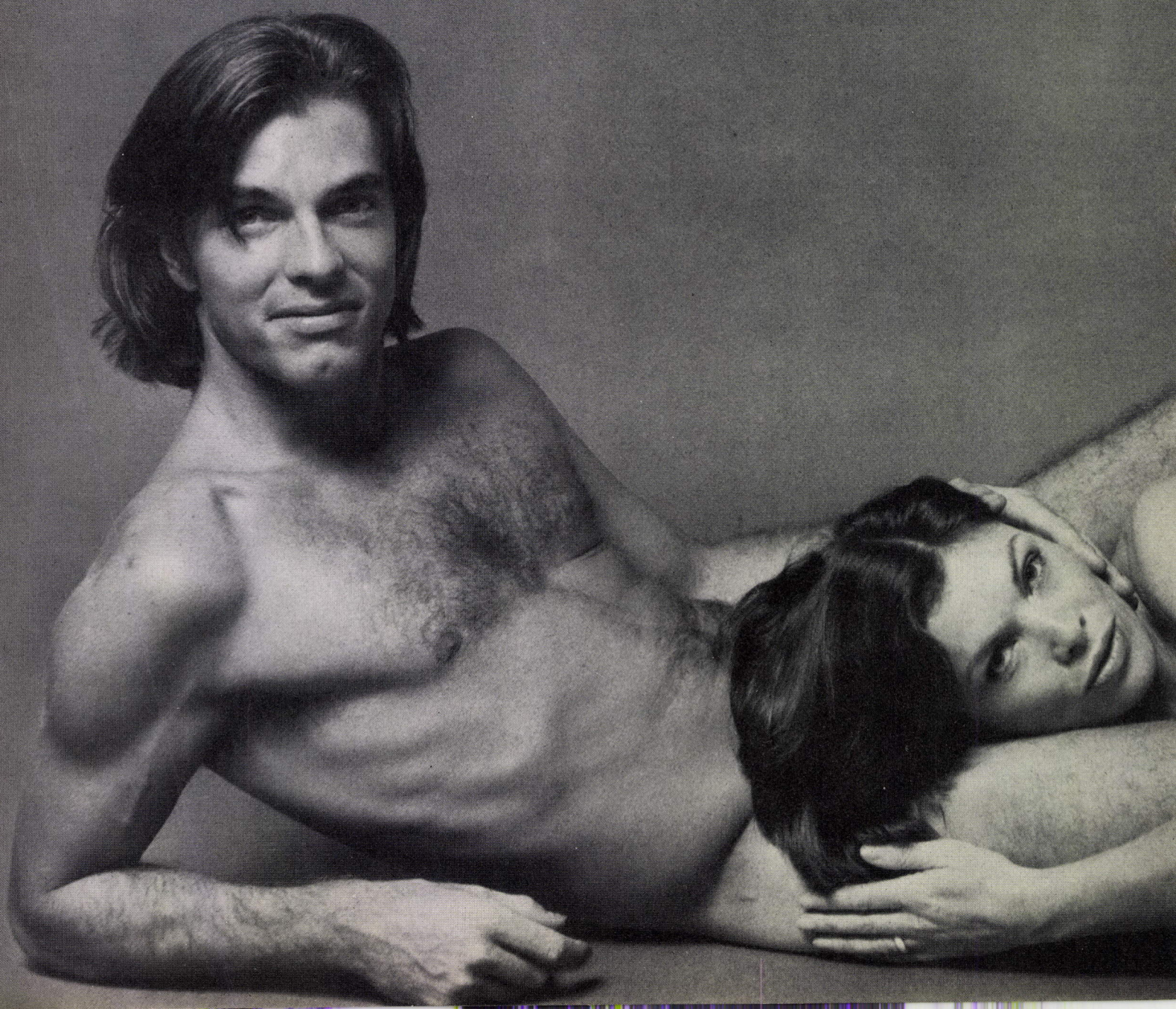
form one of the growing number of galaxies of young artists who share a vision out of high technology, so high it is transmuted into a new realm.

Futurist ideas seem to have arisen in periods of liberalism fed by disillusion with the past. They have foundered when political attitudes swung sharply to the right, obliterating the freedom necessary to see technology as benign, if not divine.

Various Jeremiahs since the author of 1984 have been warning us about trusting the machine or trying to emulate it. Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, the style of Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Project for a Revolution in New York*, William Burrough's *Naked Lunch* all play on the erotic threat from an aesthetic of unaccountable power that surely leads to apocalypse. We may embrace Mach chic at our peril, the threat of nuclear barbecue. But these Strangelovian visions don't scare everybody, fools though they may be. When the sirens start, you won't find the Mach chic crowd cowering underground. They have seen the future, with its atomic dance. For them, one glimpse is enough to produce the awe, the clean trajectory to the very edge of the farthest receding stars that glow in their red-shift velocity. Nothing adheres...there is only the dance, *echt*-static, over and over and over...the pulsing Dance.



EDWARD AND KATE: ALLIES IN ARMS





Kate Woodville and Edward Albert understand each other's "moods and moves" so well that their three years together have resulted in a special kind of Malibu magic.

by Norma McLain Stoop
photos by Kenn Duncan

Nobody ever told Edward Albert that he'd be an actor, although his father is actor-musician Eddie Albert and his mother, Margo, is an actress, dancer, and musician. Before he made *Butterflies Are Free*, he had already been a stringer for the *London Express*, a photojournalist for a magazine called *Pace*, a photographer who'd had his own show in Los Angeles, and a studio musician. Kate Woodville has always been an actress of stage, screen, and TV. Now they live together in what Edward calls, "An extraordinary ranch in Malibu, and all the wildflowers are there. And waterfalls."

Albert is particularly misty-eyed about Malibu right now, after a year abroad making *The Greek Tycoon*, and almost immediately after, a long stretch in Germany making another film that should be released soon. "My role in this new film is the antithesis of the young son of a shipping magnate that I played in *Greek Tycoon*. I've got hair this long, if not longer." He runs a powerful hand through his soft, shoulder-length hair. "Constantly greasy and dirty. And I have a full mustache and play Lee Van Cleef's cohort in crime. There's a double cross and a triple cross, and I loved it. Loved it. It's like a classic diamond-heist caper. Made mostly in Hamburg. I hated the locations because we were there in the depths of winter and it was rainy, foggy, and gray, and very German. It's a an Italian coproduction for Carlo Ponti, and Karen Black's in it, too. The title, the last time I heard, was *Rip-off* but I think that's changing. I hope it's changing.

"I had done *Greek Tycoon* just before, and had hesitations about doing it," he continues. "I mean, when I heard what it was about, I thought, 'Well! If we get by, we're going to squeak by,' which indeed we did. We knew up-front that the reviews were going to be fairly catastrophic, but we hoped that some of the work the actors did would shine through. Jackie Bisset is good, and it's one of Tony Quinn's better performances. It's such an extraordinary concept to have Tony play Onassis, because of Tony's ties with Greece. But it's tough to treat something historically in a creative way when there are people still alive. It's difficult for anybody to have perspective on it and to see what kind of film it is from the word go. Again, expectations," he shrugs. "Everybody wants to have a different question answered."

"All last year," Kate says, "Edward was gone doing *Greek Tycoon*, and I stayed here and did a soap, 'Days of Our Lives.' I gave up the soap, though, to join him in Hamburg, because we'd been apart too long." Edward and Kate have been together three years. Prior to meeting Edward, Kate, born and raised in England, had established her credentials as a talented young actress. Her career began when she auditioned for *Pygmalion* at school and "found out I could

do cockney. When I was a child, we moved all over the British Isles, and I had learned so many dialects. In that first reading," she says, "I took off for the first time. I experienced a real kind of soaring in that, something I've tried to recover in my work."

Kate's first job was in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, which she got because of her ability in poetry when she was in school. "It was wonderful," she says breathlessly. "We toured cathedrals in England and played in them, and your voice just...carried!"

Then came a string of rep companies in which Kate paid her dues on the English theater circuit. She soon went to London and "almost immediately did an eight-episode serial of Dickens' 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' for AR-TV, with Donald Sinden. 'A fortune-teller had predicted that I would be very successful early-on. The best sixpence I ever spent,'" she giggles.

Kate also did *No Exit* with Harold Pinter (acting) for BBC. Feature films followed: *The Wild and the Willing* with Samantha Eggar and Ian McShane. "We were all in our early twenties and starving, too." After several other films came a West End play, *The Overdog*, at the Savoy. "My success scared the shit out of me," she admits.

During a trip to Los Angeles while she was married to Patrick MacNee of *The Avengers*, Kate "really fell for America. I wanted to stay, but I was with Ashley-Famous then, and they couldn't get me my green card. Finally I got one, and started off right away on TV. I guested on everything, from 'Star Trek' to 'The Doctors,' working steadily, but I lost a lot of my enthusiasm and joy, and couldn't understand what had happened. But I did do a bit of theater. I played Antigone in *Oedipus at Colonus* at the Mark Taper Forum Lab, and a small new play at the Player's Ring Gallery.

"What I tend to do," Kate's voice becomes small as she searches for words, "when I'm in a relationship with somebody, is I drop my work totally. Drop everything. It took me a long time to even see the pattern. I'm in the process of trying to change now. I'd started studying with Strasberg about five years ago, and was getting all the old excitement back, and I'd done a film called *Posse* and quite a

lot of good TV movies, but when Edward and I got together, we went to the ranch in Malibu and I had my horse there and Edward was there. 'Work? What's work?' I was thinking."

In the meantime, Edward was working steadily. Though there had been a gap of a couple of years between his second film, *40 Carats*, and *Midway*, his third, *Domino Principle*, *The Greek Tycoon*, and *Rip-off* followed in quick succession. "We haven't even mentioned my first film, *Butterflies Are Free*," he says. "It was a special movie for me. To play my role, I went through the Braille Institute's rehabilitation program as though I had been blinded. I had the time, which I haven't had in any movie since, to really start playing with the character, and Milton Katselas was extraordinarily helpful." He chokes with laughter as he lights a cigarette. "After all, we were in the same boat. He'd never directed a film before and I'd never acted in one. Goldie Hawn saved my life because she kept everything from getting tense or upsetting—which it can be when you spend three months shooting on one set in one room."

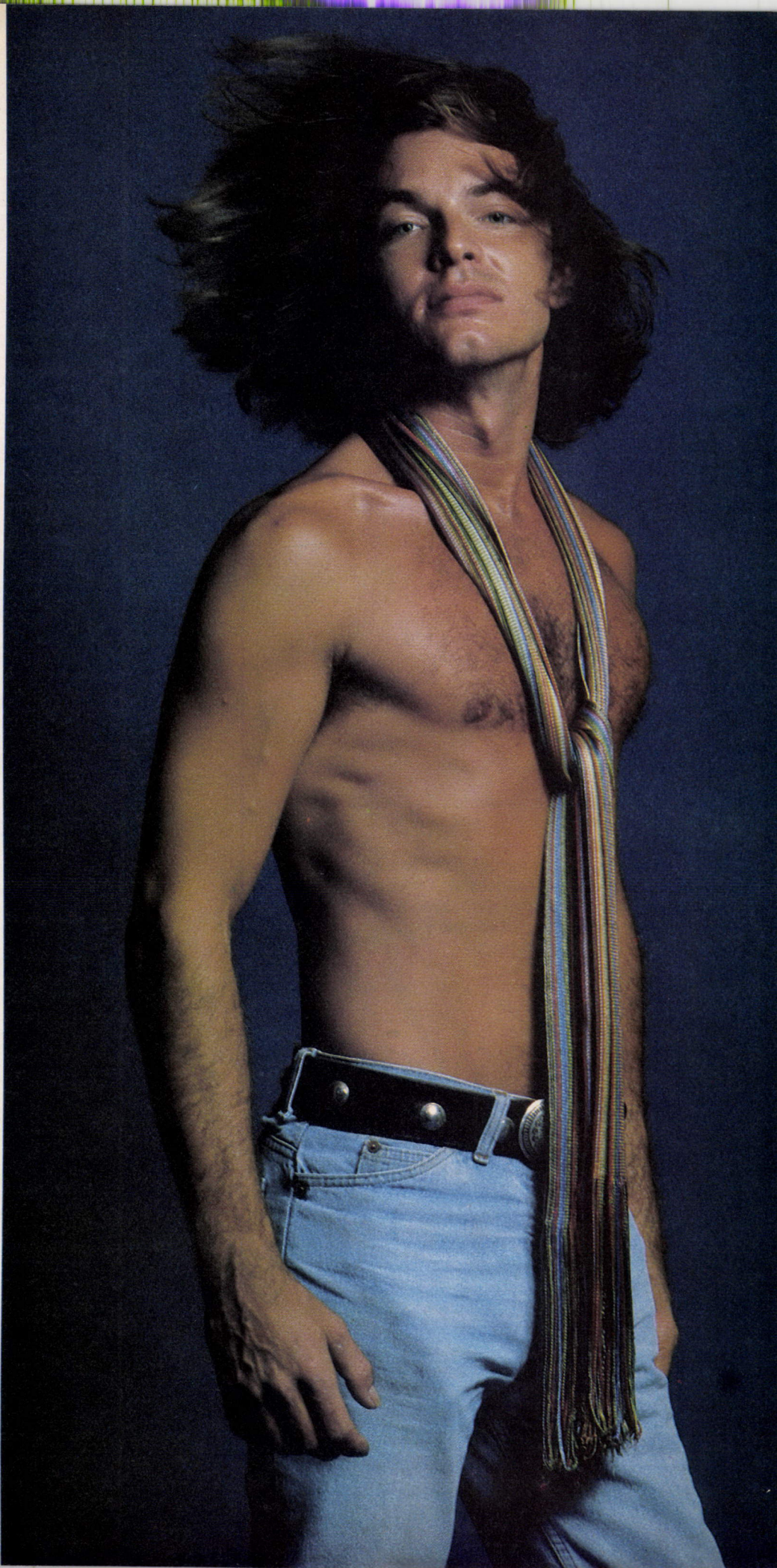
Did he feel blind? "Absolutely," Edward answers emphatically. But the balloon of his certainty is quickly pricked. "Well, no," he admits, "because when you're blind it's total absence of stimuli, and anybody who's sighted can't really have the concept of it, because it's not like when you close your eyes and it's black. In that case, you see phosphenes and colors and patterns, and it's quite different from the total absence of neuro-stimulation from the optic nerve. And that, I never felt. But I did finally, after a lot of trial and error, find a place where I went off-focus and could look through people and look around and not specifically see anything. It was fascinating for me, because of the chance to dip into a totally different reality from any that I know. Because, as with all of us who are very visually oriented, with training in photography or even just living in California, one tends to be more aware of the beauty of colors, or the ocean, or qualities of light. Very, very aware of these things."

When Edward Albert was in school, he wrote a great deal of prize-winning poetry, so his lyrical outburst is not surprising, nor is the

poetic language he uses to describe the effect being with Kate has had on his life. "Not only in your creative relationships as an artist, but as a person, you are forced," he explains, "to extend yourself in growth far beyond anything that you would either suspect or choose. The growth of this relationship, for me, has opened a door—the door, possibly, to an understanding of myself and my relationships on all levels: professional, personal, and spiritual, in ways that I don't really understand and can't really articulate. It's shared with this lady and, to a great degree, catalyzed by this lady."

It's Kate, that lady, who later confides that it was so mundane a thing as her need for an apartment in Santa Monica that first brought them together. Edward was moving out of his, a friend told her, and though he remained in it longer than expected, he found Kate an apartment in the same building. "When I first met him, I thought, 'He's really very attractive, but I left it at that, because he was living with somebody, and my head was very definitely not with getting involved with anybody at the time. We never saw each other alone for a year. He'd occasionally stop by to chat, and there was always somebody there. He thought,'" she laughs, "that I was a very hot lady with a lot of guys, but mostly it was scene-partners from Strasberg. But one day he did something rather wonderful. We'd chatted in front of the building for a minute, and I'd gone to my apartment to get ready for an interview, and when I came out there was a yellow rose in the front seat of my car. I knew who had put it there, even though we had never even flirted. Finally, he came to my apartment when he was leaving his, to ask if I wanted it, and you know he's not terribly.... He can be extroverted, like I can be extroverted, but this was so unlike him. I said, 'Can I give you a cup of tea, or a drink, or

Edward Albert's journey to acting had several stops along the way: writing, photography, and music. Now, his musical and poetic talents are propelling him into recording, which will afford him two tracks on which to travel to fame.

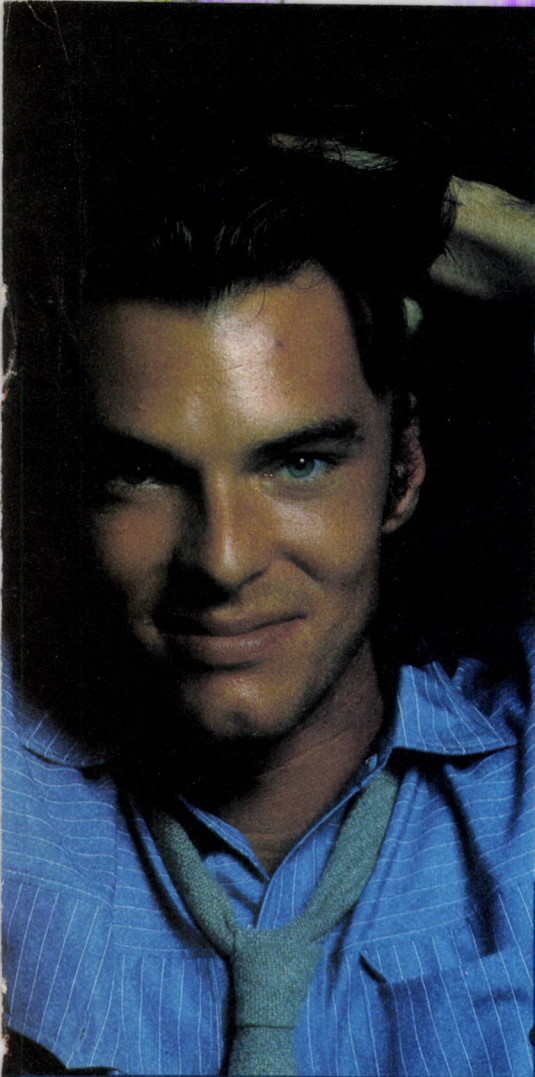




When she was thirteen, a fortune teller told Kate Woodville that she would be an actress. Three years later she fulfilled the prophecy by joining a British traveling rep company.

Edward Albert's versatility in films enables him to be equally convincing in roles as a sightless boy, the scion of a shipping tycoon, or a seedy jewel thief.





anything?" And he said, "You can give me a kiss." She pauses a moment, takes a deep breath. "We kissed," she says, "and we have been together from that time on."

It wasn't until a month or so later that I learned more about the music that has always been so important to Edward. On our way to dinner at Bronté Woodard's hilltop home in Edward's beat-up van, he remarks, "I'm exhausted. I've been recording for hours and hours."

Recording? I riffle through my memories and remember he'd been a studio musician, a drummer, before *Butterflies*. A demo?

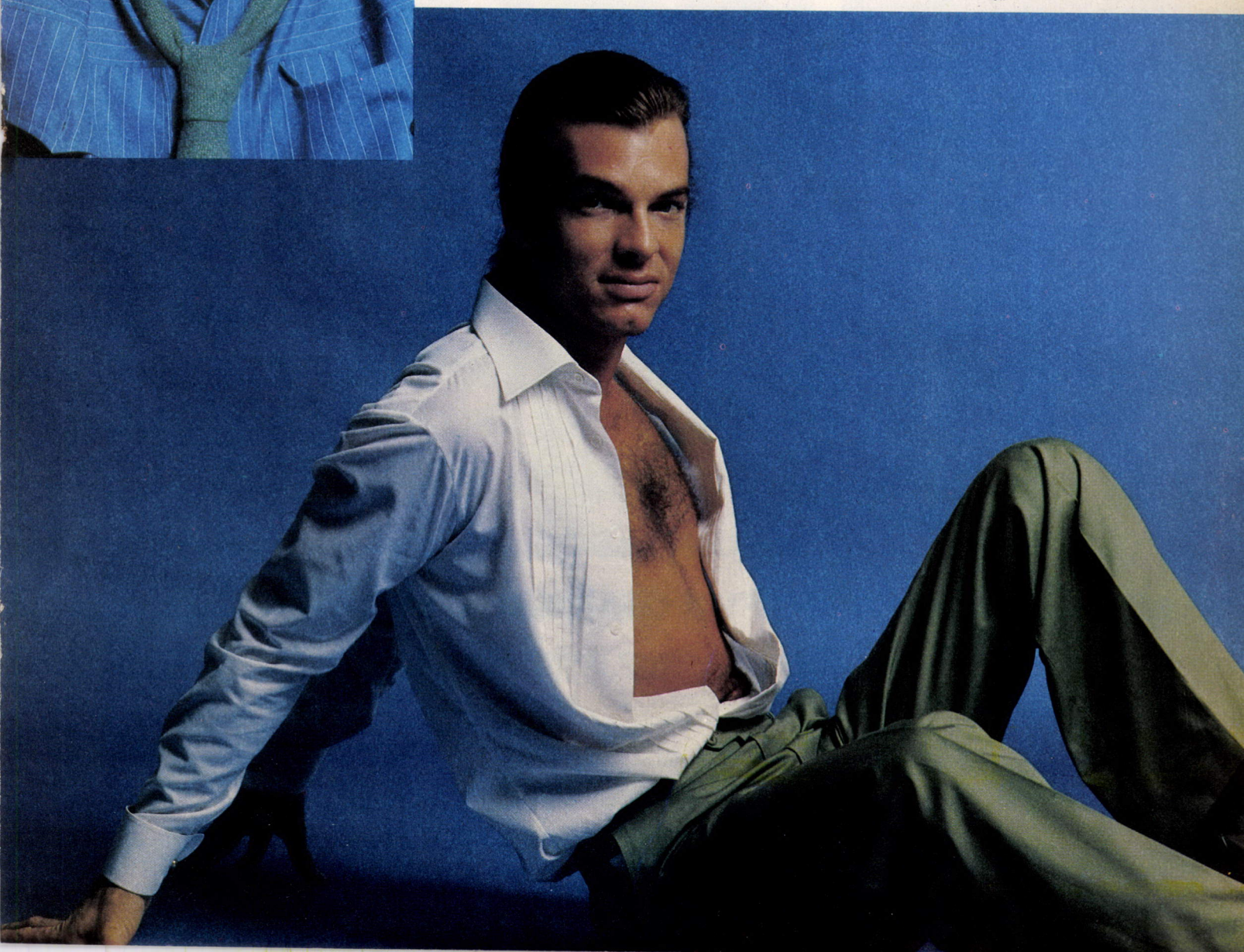
"It's more and less than demo records. Demo records are usually thrown together and basically just try to showcase a person real quick. What I'm concerned with at this point, and it's been a *long* time coming, is to begin to put together a portfolio of my work. In the last seven years or so, I've been sort of pushed toward it at times, cajoled toward it at times, and blackmailed toward it at others, but it was a matter of time, and I knew I would know when it was right. It's my music and lyrics, my voice and guitar, and I'm working with a great group of musicians I've

known and worked with before."

Later, as Holly Keach—just back from Bora Bora, where her husband, James, is doing *Hurricane* for Dino De Laurentiis—prepares dinner with Kate, Edward continues. "I was, pardon the expression, always bent toward music, anyway. Whenever I've been traveling in any country, whether it's work or pleasure, one of the first ways I connect with people is through music."

Driving back to my hotel with them later, I realize that being together *has* changed the perspectives of both Kate and Edward. For the first time, she is combining work and love: doing a soap, playing the Scottish nurse, Betty Gow, in NBC's three-hour TV movie "The Lindbergh Kidnapping Case," as well as other TV work. And, for the first time in years, Edward is going back to "the true joy. Sitting around with musicians who have the taste and the savvy to know how to listen, to be aware, to balance, to know what's needed here, and when to lay back."

That doesn't only hold true with music. It's also true of Edward Albert and Kate Woodville. What's making their life together work is their ability "to listen, to be aware, to balance, to know what's needed here, and when to lay back."





Gianni Bozzacchi is a famous Roman photographer who has since turned to producing European films for international distribution. He followed his first film, *China 9, Liberty 37*, with *Amo, Non Amo*, starring Jacqueline Bisset and Maximilian Schell. Before he put away his camera equipment, however, his sensitive eye captured the unusual portraits featured on these pages, including a pensive Princess Grace and a brooding Alain Delon.



A NEW LENS ON LIFE FOR GIANNI BOZZACCHI by Patrick Pacheco

Gianni Bozzacchi is an unforgettable character. It could be the thick red mane and freckles that set off his piercing blue eyes; or the exuberantly fractured English, stumbling out of his mouth to keep time with the expansive gestures; or it might be the childish superlatives that could dub him the High Priest of Hype. For the famed photographer-turned-film-producer, everything is defined in the rarefied outer limits of a nonstop imagination that harbors a

disdain for the ordinary. In word and action, Bozzacchi is as unorthodox as the presence of his ginger features on a Via Veneto packed with the dark, swarthy looks of his fellow Romans.

Sipping Campari and soda at one of the tables lining the sidewalk in front of Harry's Bar in Rome, the thirty-four-year-old head of Compagnia Europea Cinematografica (CEC) (with his partner Valerio De Paolis) talks about his recent coup, a film production

entitled *Amo, Non Amo*, starring Jacqueline Bisset, Terrence Stamp, and Maximilian Schell. It also marks the directorial debut of Armenia Balducci, whose only previous credits were two political and two feminist documentaries for Italy's government-controlled RAI television. That he was willing to take a chance on Balducci on her first time out is proof of CEC's maxim to use and explore new talent. With a mischievous sparkle in his eye, Bozzacchi says, "When

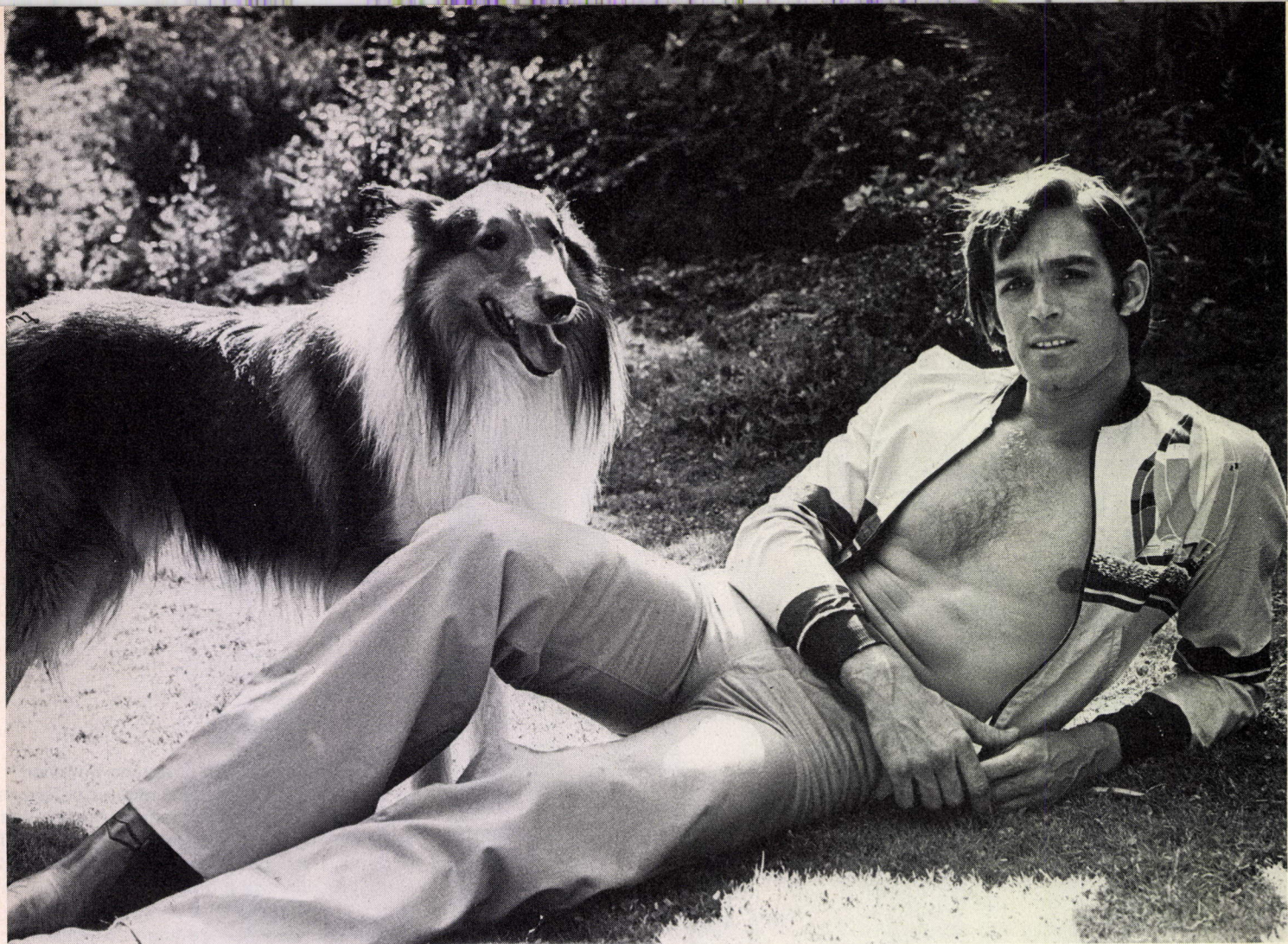


they hear that I am making a \$3,000,000 picture with an unknown director, they say 'Bozzacchi, he crazy! What he trying to do? He gonna fall on his face.' Then when they hear I sign Jacqueline Bisset, they say 'Bozzacchi, he still crazy, but Jacqueline Bisset? That's pretty good.' Then when I sign Maximilian Schell and Carlo Di Palma (Antonioni's cameraman on *Blow Up* and *Red Desert*), they say 'Let's go over and see what's happening over there.'" Bozzacchi claps his hands with relish at the story that somewhat vindicates his unconventional approach to filmmaking.

That approach crystallized out of Bozzacchi's presence on the sets of 163 films as the official unit photographer. His entree into that world at the age of twenty came at the word of no less a star than Elizabeth Taylor, whom he served as a personal photographer for nearly ten years. Bozzacchi had served as assistant to three photographers (respectively specializing in archaeology, safari expeditions, and high fashion) when he was summoned (through a fellow photographer Pier Luigi) to the set of *The Comedians*, where he encountered the intimidating Miss Taylor for the first time.

Green and scared, the neophyte bounced around the set for a couple of days before he captured Liz in the one moment that he had been waiting for. "I don't wanna take a lot of pictures, I don't wanna take posed pictures," Gianni recalls with a grimace. "I say, 'Donna give a me what you give everybody else, I wanna take you—freeze you in a moment—as you truly are.'" The moment in which he froze Elizabeth Taylor for that first picture pleased the subject so much that she included him in her contract for all her subsequent motion pictures, and Gianni Bozzacchi was caught up in a glamorous whirlwind that led to his photographing such celebrated figures as Princess Grace of Monaco, Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon, Coco Chanel, Iran's Empress Farah Diba, as well as composing four books on Monaco, including one on the Royal Family and one on Jacques Cousteau's Oceanic Museum there. Bozzacchi denies that the expert techniques on retouching, which he learned from his father (a master in the restoration of rare books), had a direct bearing on his success. "Really, my photographs needed very little retouching, because when you know how to retouch, then you know how to take a photograph that will not need retouching," he says with the delight of a man who has stumbled on the secret of youth.

The Taylor-Burton split, coupled with the decline of magazines willing to give his photographs the space they deserved, led to his disenchantment with photography—but not before he had met his beautiful wife, Claudie (who had been Liz Taylor's hairdresser), built up an impressive bankroll, and had met a number of influential people in the film industry, including producer Elliott Kastner. The latter kept insisting that his



Gianni Bozzacchi tapped Fabio Testi for the starring role in *China 9, Liberty 37*, a spaghetti western costarring Warren Oates, Jenny Agutter, and introducing Sam Peckinpah. Directed by Monte Helman, the movie is a tossed salad of international talent.

Elizabeth Taylor hated this photograph which Bozzacchi snapped of her during the filming of *X, Y, and Z*. Richard Burton, however, was moved to write this poem when he saw the photograph:

Sometimes, unexpectedly in the early morning I will
 imagine an
 Extraordinary woman, lush and lavish and lonely and I
 will dream
 And I will reach out with my hand and find the reality
 of the dream woman
 She exists and lo! and behold she is alive. She is
 woman. She responds. She murmurs. She weeps. She
 is wild. She is dangerous.
 She may take my mind out of my intelligence, such as
 it is. But
 Sometimes, like this photograph, She will come running
 at me with all the
 Beauty of the unmistakable tide coming in on a
 rocky shore. And I
 Lie there, like a rock, hopeless and helpless
 against the interminable
 Industry of the eternal tides of the sea.
 If you do not know what a woman such as this is like
 you have missed a good deal.

Richard Burton

friend stop "playing with little money, and start playing with big money. 'Come with me,' he would tell me, so I went to California for three month, but there, they too busy with making the deals, and not the film," says Bozzacchi, "so I come back here to make company not interested in genre films, but stories, and to create films directed to an international market." Bozzacchi notes that American films have always had an international impact in the film industry because they are created out of the melting-pot sensibility that makes them relevant to a much wider audience. He hopes to accomplish the same thing with CEC projects. In putting the packages together, he approached them as a chef in the kitchens of the United Nations might create a salad.

His initial picture, *China 9, Liberty 37*, a spaghetti western, has the spicy dash of Italian Fabio Testi balanced by the meat-and-potatoes presence of American Warren Oates, and English actress Jenny Agutter rounds out the concoction with a soupçon of curry sauciness. Slowly add an American director (Monte Helman), an Italian cameraman, the acting debut of director Sam Peckinpah, and one has a puzzling, if intriguing combination. Bozzacchi is convinced that his movie is a *pièce de résistance*, as he is certain that *Amo, Non Amo* will set the world on its ear. "Both pictures are great, because everybody work together, everybody treated the same. I make no difference between star and production assistant," says "Johnny the Red" with an egalitarian flourish that almost knocks the hat off of the person at the next table. "I know that if somebody want to tell me, 'you are a piece of shit,' they will tell me and not put on the gloves to say it. And when I talk on the set, I only talk when I have good reason to say something to the director or the cameraman. But everybody gonna love these pictures. This I know."

Whether the box-office receipts for CEC's films will confirm Bozzacchi's belief remains to be seen. It is apparent, however, if enthusiasm, energy, and a talent for charm and wheeling and dealing has anything to do with it, Bozzacchi will soon be retouching the world into an airbrushed dream where everything is *bellissima*.



Ballerina Carla Fracci is captured in the serenity of a villa in Verona.

JACQUELINE BISSET:

"JUST ONE OF THE BOYS"

by Patrick Pacheco

"Roman Polanski created a very spooky atmosphere on the set of *Cul De Sac*," recalls Jacqueline Bisset about one of her first movies. "We were filming in the north of England in this small town with no street lights, a vicarage, some scattered old houses, and an old castle enshrouded in mist. The place was connected to the mainland by a causeway, which, depending on the tide, would be above or below water at different times of the day. Half of the time we would be on an island. I was absolutely enthralled, totally blown away by the experience. I thought to myself, 'This is the business I want to be in. I could do this the rest of my life.'" Jackie's whisper breaks into a breathy laugh at the thought and the present comes crashing back. The misty island of her past evaporates in the hot Mediterranean sunlight streaming into Da Fastino's, a festive restaurant in Fregene, a chic resort-fishing village near Rome, where Jackie has been shooting *Amo, Non Amo*. Her involvement in this Italian production, costarring Maximilian Schell and Terrence Stamp, quickly followed her comedic role in Warner Bros.' *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?*—an unsurprising situation for an actress who has chalked up thirty film credits in fourteen years.

Both projects, however, represent a dramatic change for the strikingly beautiful actress who swam to international superstardom as the undulating sea nymph in *The Deep*, and who recently tread water as a thinly disguised Jackie O. in *The Greek Tycoon*. Riding the crest of enormous popularity, Jackie has box-office clout and she's flexing her muscle in a direction that takes her away from a celebrated image as the screen's leading beauty.

As visible as Jacqueline Bisset has been in the past decade, there is surprisingly little known about her. Most of her publicity has been an avalanche of praise for her pristinely ceramic features, an asset that has obscured her exceptional performances in *The Grasshopper*, *The Mephisto Waltz*, and particularly, Francois Truffaut's *Day for Night*. Try to fathom the enigmatic Bisset through conversations snatched in between takes and at luncheon breaks, and one encounters a brisk, intelligent, and guarded young Englishwoman, her home-county tones and regal bearing in contrast to the volatile expressiveness of the Italians around her. Follow her moods over the last few days of filming and one discovers that she is not unlike Polanski's *cul-de-sac*—at times accessible, at times not—while a frank and forthright manner burns away any gloomy mist that might be hovering over the impregnable castle of her cherished privacy. She greets a visitor to her island cautiously,

hiding her shyness behind a volley of questions directed at the interloper. Like a child discovering an alien lump on a deserted beach, she prods, sniffs, evaluates, and observes before lowering the drawbridge. She is then friendly, warm, and cooperative, though one feels her solicitude stems from an imbedded sense of responsibility and duty—two words that loom large in her vocabulary and lifestyle.

In the course of an *al fresco* lunch, Jackie is playful and the causeway is present, perhaps materializing out of the reassuring presence of Victor Draï, a Parisian dress-designer-turned-real-estate-agent and Jackie's lover of four years. In between courses, and amid Victor's caresses, Jackie continues with stories of her first featured role.

"Polanski was tough, but good, and the company were wonderful to me—Jack MacGowan, Lionel Stander, and Ursula Andress. I never thought that a woman like Ursula Andress could be adorable, but she was. I was going through my 'hide my bosom' period, and she finally said to me, 'Hmmmmmm. You walk very badly, hunched over. Why are you hiding your bosom, Bisset? You should be proud of it,'" booms Jackie, aping Ursula's commanding tones, "'Stick it out, Bisset, stick it out.'"

One needs only to recall images of Jackie emerging topless from the surf in *The Sweet Ride*; playing showgirl Christine in the raunchy Las Vegas world of *The Grasshopper*; or being wave-caressed in a clinging T-shirt in *The Deep*, to confirm that Ursula's brassy command did not fall on deaf ears. It became a problem, however, when producers and agents began to regard Jackie only as the leading sex siren of the seventies, notwithstanding her sensitive portrayal in *Day for Night*, and she was deluged with scripts calling for a sexy protagonist entangled in horrifying predicaments.

"I would always be looking down and desperate in my film roles, and I would ask the director, 'Please, couldn't I at least smile in this scene,' and he would say, 'No, no, we want you looking sultry and scared to death.' Well, it does get tiresome, so I was rather glad to play Natasha O'Brien, this chirpy, independent, and strong-willed master dessert chef. She's got spunk, and piss, and vinegar"—ingredients, which Jackie notes, make up the actresses she admires most: Simone Signoret, Lauren Bacall, Jeanne Moreau. While she has been able to crease her glamorous image with a smile through her role in *Great Chefs*, Jackie has taken on a bigger challenge with *Amo, Non Amo*. Against the advice of many people around her, she chose to play the role of Louisa, a career

Screen beauty Jacqueline Bisset covers new ground in a career that has previously been dominated by cosmetic roles. The English lovely who swam to superstardom in *The Deep* and glamorously decorated *The Greek Tycoon* is elbow-deep in batter, whipped cream, and bon mots for her spicy role in the Warner Bros. comedy, *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?*, based on the hilarious best-seller by Nan and Ivan Lyons.

woman, mother, separated wife, and lover faced with the "arduous task of blending all of her selves into one whole, self-fulfilled human being."

On location, later in the afternoon, Jackie admits that the unglamorous, sensible, yet emotionally involved Louisa is closer to the real Jackie than any role she has played. The set is a dusty highway outside of Fregene, along which a distraught Louisa must drive recklessly. The impromptu flag, which is a signal to bring Jackie into camera range, is a T-shirt with the logo "Per favore, non mi rompere mi coglione" ("Please, don't break my balls"). The director and story writer, Armenia Balducci, is a quietly assertive woman. Dressed in white pants and a plain black cotton shift, her short cropped hair ruffled by the breeze, she looks like a militant nun. Her features are strong and handsome, and her voice has a pleasant musical resonance in contrast to the feminine fragility and chiseled features of her star. Yet, there is an instinctive communication between the two, which Armenia confirms later in a short conversation through her translator, Chuck Smith.

"Jackie asks many questions about the character, but thank God, I see my answers on the screen." Gesticulating for emphasis, reflecting the bright sun off of her dark green glasses, Armenia continues in a confidential tone, "Jackie is at an important turning point in her life right now. She is obviously aware that her beauty has brought her to her present fame, but she also realizes that she is an actress and a woman of merit. She is looking for conditions that will allow her to blossom, and the fact that she was willing to take the risk with an independent foreign production and a woman who is directing a feature film for the first time shows that she is a woman of courage."

On this set, there are no calls for makeup, and Jackie fluffs up her hair by running her fingers through her tousled, copper-colored, shoulder-length mane. Makeup free and dressed in a black smock randomly splattered with flowers, Jackie is radiantly beautiful. Her luminous gray-green eyes are as piercing off-camera as they are on, but the encroaching tiny tracks around them, hidden by a camera that also caresses a chin that is too weak and a nose that is too wide, hint at some of the emotional turmoil which she only slightly gives vent to in discussing the problems of being a great film beauty in the tradition of Garbo, Dietrich, and others. She dismisses her celebrated status with a toss of her head, a jab of her cigarette-holding





fingers, and a curt, "I don't think about it." When pressed that people hardly ever let a beautiful person forget that they are so gifted, she continues, "Well, I'm really always a bit perplexed when I read this sort of stuff. I figure that I must've foxed them. I remember I used to hate it when my father's friends used to call me a 'pretty little girl.' 'Pretty little girl,'" she repeats with a sarcastic lilt in her voice, "as if there were nothing else there. Early on, my father took me aside and said, 'You happen to be a rather pretty girl, but it has nothing to do with you and it won't last anyway, so go out and develop yourself as a person.'"

Behind a facade of cool pragmatism, Jackie shores up her defenses against the pathos that has turned other film beauties into the lost, tragic souls that perennially capture the fancy of the moviegoing public. She has a detachment that guards her against becoming the neurotic or notorious sexual goddess, sacrificed to assure a sensation-seeking public that anybody that beautiful has got to pay a price for it. If Jacqueline Bisset is suffering the penalty of being too beautiful, she will pay the price in privacy. Perhaps, lurking behind this sensible and calmly reasonable approach is the realization that many of the screen's greatest beauties were shuttled off into relative oblivion following an initial splash.

"I didn't arrive at any objective evaluation of myself by observing other people," she notes during a break in the filming. "Looking at myself in the mirror in the lonely morning hours has made me realize that one can't rely on anything quite as transitory as beauty." She smiles ruefully, as she gazes across a nearby plain to the perfectly symmetrical Parasol pines, reflecting a harmony which Jackie has fought to sustain within herself. "I'm not afraid of growing old, though I hate the idea of time slipping through one's fingers. One has to constantly care and cultivate those things that are important to you, otherwise you could return to them and find they are gone. Still, I tell myself I should go with the movie-making while the going is good. It's a rough business where they squeeze you dry like a lemon and toss you away. They won't be asking me when I'm seventy, God knows," she says happily.

Tooling around in the small foreign station wagon for today's shot, Jackie is in command, very much in the driver's seat, a quality that she is anxious to show her visitor in every facet of her life. It may be the overcompensating urgency of a person wanting to be taken for more than just a dizzy beauty or the forcefulness of a practical, fiercely independent Englishwoman. Yet the sensitivity and emotional energy she displays on the screen

and even in the shots being done here in Fregene (the next day, she would shoot an hysterical crying jag at a gas station and do it quite convincingly) are somewhat at odds with the self-possessed woman. "I can't explain how I approach this business. Words like *career*, *art*, *creativity*, all sound pretentious to me. I just do it. It's a business that I like, and that I can handle. That's all," she says crisply.

When challenged that she could possibly have used more selectivity in her choice of roles given the impressive roster ("Could this be the face that launched a thousand schlocks," wagged one writer), she fairly bristles as she answers, "No! I could've done a lot of t-t-trash," she stumbles over the word in her defensive hurry, "for a lot of money, but I don't feel—it's too easy to look back afterwards and ask, 'That movie was terrible, why did you do it?' But it may not have been a bad choice at the time. There's not one film I've done that I didn't do for good reason. It may seem obscure to some people, but not to me. Besides, I don't believe in going backwards," she says frowning her brow in concentration. "I'm glad my career was slow and steady in building—that it wasn't a big splash and then poof! Simply, I get as much pleasure from doing it as from the result."

Jackie's attitude stems in part from the fact that unlike many of her contemporaries,

In *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?*, George Segal, as Robby Ross (a fast-foods franchiser and Jackie Bisset's ex-husband), is unamused by Stefano Satta Flores' romantic overtures to his former wife (at left). He has little to worry about since Flores, as seafood specialist Fausto Zoppi, meets his end (as do all the victims in the murder mystery) in a manner relating to his specialty. When Zoppi

is found floating in his lobster tank, the great chefs of Europe fear that there is a conspiracy afoot. They hold a summit conference in Paris (bottom) and end up squabbling as to who will have the honor of being the next target. As Natasha O'Brien, world-famous dessert chef and television personality, Jacqueline Bisset is on the murderer's agenda, and the nature of her

proposed demise lies hidden in the supreme concoction, *La Bombe Richelieu*, which she re-creates for the BBC (below). Directed by Ted Kotcheff, the film also stars Robert Morley as a snobby Epicurean food-magazine publisher with a waistline that reflects his occupational hazard. Master chef Paul Bocuse was employed as a special consultant for this movie.





In *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?*, beautiful Natasha O'Brien (Jackie Bisset) is the pièce de résistance for a number of suitors and lovers, including her ex-hubby (George Segal) and her svengali (Jean-Pierre Cassel, below).

stardom and filmmaking is not an all-consuming passion for her. As a child growing up in Surrey in a thatched cottage, she did not find herself on Saturday afternoons in the balcony of the local movie house incubating dreams of cinematic glory. Finding respite from the relentless sun in the cool of one of the many ice cream parlors dotting Fregene, Jackie paints an idyllic childhood in pastel colors, filled with the smells of freshly mown grass, and pies baking in the oven. If there were any dreams at all, it was one of becoming a *prima ballerina assoluta* fashioned out of the afternoons she spent at Covent Garden in the company of her mother, a beautiful woman who once practiced law in France before she gave it up to marry Max Fraser Bisset, a general practitioner. Her father relentlessly assaulted his daughter's shyness, forcing her to meet him in tea bars, and then being purposely late, so that Jackie would have to deal with the world on her own. She occupied a dream world created out of the volumes of Edward Langham's *Colored Fairy Tales*, which the severity of her parents rarely intruded on, except to glaze her life over in a tough shell of English propriety. That propriety caused some conflicts when this Alice, with her starched manners, found her wonderland to be Hollywood, but she was able to work them out simply by being herself.

Jackie maintained a low profile as a dutiful ingénue who cheerfully fulfilled her responsibilities while fiercely holding onto her own values. Any studio executive who may have entertained trying Giovanna Goodthighs (the character she played in *Casino Royale*) on for size felt the steel-fibered karate chop with which she protected her boundaries, the same force Columbia felt when they released a poster promoting *The Deep* that showed Jackie's double-barrelled assets quite visibly beneath the T-shirt. "I was furious," Jackie lashes out. "For the first time I truly felt exploited. When I was asked to play what you call all those 'cosmetic' roles, I didn't feel exploited—I was thrilled to be given the opportunity to do what I enjoyed doing. I'm sorry I wasn't exploited enough, because that's why I was there. But, by the same token, I don't want to be ripped off. I may be reserved, but I'm a fighter—I don't let anyone screw around with me," she says with fire flashing in her smouldering look.

Back at Da Fastino's, sipping a cup of cappuccino and watching the bathers stretching out the waning hours of the long afternoon, Jackie talks about the glamorous image that clings to a woman who wore thirty-two specially designed Halston outfits in *The Greek Tycoon*. "I'm not in this business for that kind of stuff," she laughs. "It's mainly



a lot of hard work. It was more glamorous when I started; now, I'm just Jackie, one of the boys, carrying the heavy *batterie du cuisine* for *Chefs*, and daring myself to overcome my fear of water so I could do *The Deep*. Now I can't even look at the deep end of my swimming pool—it's a total enemy. After awhile, some roles simply become tests of survival and endurance."

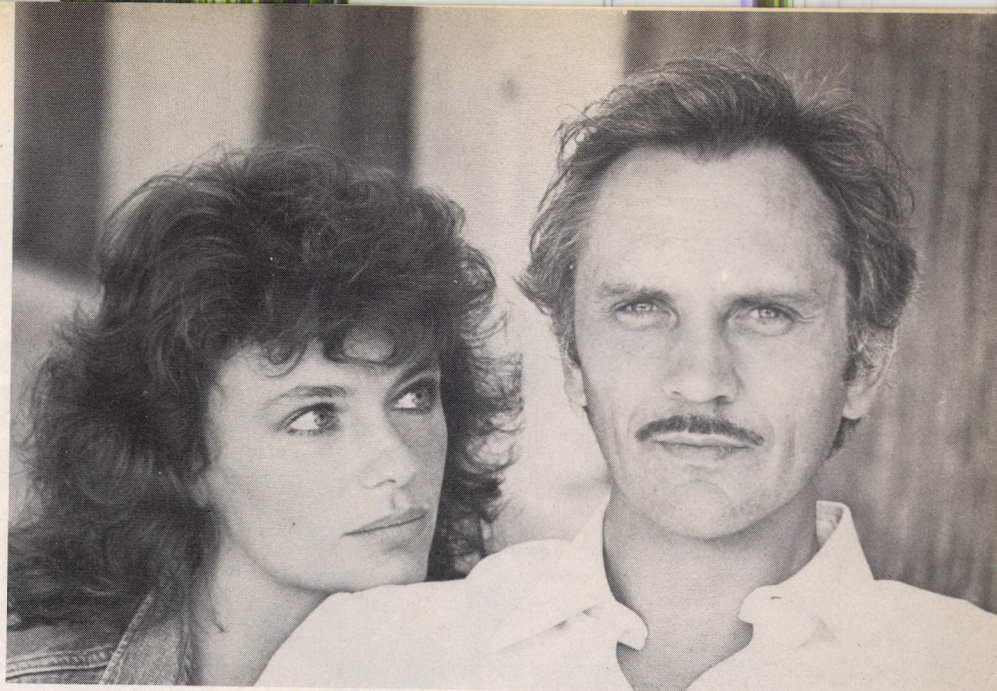
And endure she does. Now she is enjoying a success that she is desperately trying to keep under control, and which is frightening her, ruffling that English cool to the extent that she admits, "I'm frightened that it could separate me from things with which I want to stay in contact. I know success won't change my head, but it could intimidate those people around me, wall me off. I think it would be lovely to carry a retinue of people from one film to another, but I think entourages are dangerous. They tend to isolate one and that's the last thing I want to do."

As she leaves the restaurant to retire to the house which she and Victor are renting nearby during the filming, she is struck on the shoulder by a soccer ball some members of the crew have been kicking around in the parking lot. Feigning shock and anger, Jackie "Just One of the Boys" Bisset grabs the ball and throws it at the culprit. Bull's-eye.

On the following day, Jackie has just completed filming and is feeling very vulnerable. Da Fastino's is filled with the high-decibel Italian chatter of a celebrating crew, made more festive by Jackie's gift of dozens of magnums of expensive champagne. Amid the din, she talks about her personal relationships, noting that those people who allow her the most independence are those she cherishes most. "I sometimes wonder if I'm too independent, too detached," she remarks thoughtfully.

Despite her statement to the contrary, she seems very much involved in the effusive mood of the restaurant as she says goodbye to the crew with whom she has been working for the last eight weeks. Earlier, Armenia Balducci had told me about an incident in filming that had demonstrated the difference between Jackie and the woman she plays. In one scene in *Amo, Non Amo*, Jackie, as Louisa, is unexpectedly visited by three of her girlfriends, and Armenia warned Jackie that the greeting would be tactile and extravagant. Even though she had been prepared for the intimate manner in which Italians greet each other, Jackie had turned red as a beet on the first take. Today, Jackie is returning the affection of the crew as Louisa would, openly and spontaneously. On the sometime island called Bisset, the causeway is apparent, basking in sunlight and harmony.

In *Amo, Non Amo*, a European production directed by Armenia Balducci, Jacqueline Bisset plays Louisa, an independent, guilt-ridden woman whose life becomes complicated by the demands of two men—Terrence Stamp (above), and Maximilian Schell. (Photos by Roberto Biciocchi)





TEA WITH THE RED QUEEN OF HEARTS

by M. George Haddad

"Actually, I have some very bourgeois likes," notes Vanessa Redgrave as she settles into a comfortable corner of a couch in her dressing room at Twickenham Studios, outside London. "For instance, I adore Agatha Christie." To prove it, she points to a dusty, worn copy of *Crooked House* lying on a table scattered with political literature and other, less fanciful tomes.

She hasn't, however, had time to more than skim the first several chapters, for her schedule has lately been crammed with films, political activities, reading scripts for a possible play, interviews, and personal appearances, not to mention traveling throughout Europe and the Middle East. Ironically, the gaunt forty-one-year-old, six-footer's impassioned Academy Award speech, in which she defended the rights of both Israelis and Palestinians, made her an even bigger star this year.

"I wouldn't retract a word of what I said at the Academy Awards, but I find it terribly unfair that people who might otherwise like me, for myself, have been so prejudiced or have misunderstood my statement to the extent that they would never cross my path again or even want to meet me." She manages to stifle her emotion handily, and one suspects that life's many blows have equipped her to more or less control the tears.

For the time being, Vanessa is riding the crest of her *Julia*-inspired popularity. Before costarring with long-time admirer Jane Fonda, her last major film was *Mary, Queen of Scots*. She has just finished portraying the late Mrs. Christie in *Agatha* (First Artists-Warner Bros.), costarring Dustin Hoffman as a mysterious suitor. One reason she took the role was her fondness for the author's work. Another was her desire to play opposite Hoffman.

"I've been fortunate to have acted mainly with actor-actors, not just pretty faces or pure artists. Dustin is someone I'd long hoped to film with, and although the projected vehicle wasn't exactly in the classical vein, it caught my fancy. I knew that with Dusty having creative control [he is one of five celebrity-owners of First Artists] it wouldn't degenerate into an overly commercial farce. I believe we've done well by the real Agatha. Shy as she was, I don't think that she would have any objections to the picture. I still can't understand what all the ruckus was about."

Agatha was fraught with legal problems from the beginning and was vehemently opposed by the late Dame's family. Numerous suits were threatened, and at several points it looked as though the film might not be made or would have to shut down in the middle of shooting. Characters' names had to be changed, and Sir Max Mallowan, *Agatha*'s surviving husband, and her daughter Rosalind, could not be portrayed. Even before shooting commenced, it was decided to limit the plot to the few weeks surrounding the author's baffling disappearance and alleged amnesia in the 1920s, at the height of her blossoming career.

"Public figures," opines Vanessa, "must be prepared to cope with all manner of intrusions on their lives and psyches, whether or not they seek out the limelight. It is difficult reading intimate or negative things about oneself, but one must get used to it."

Vanessa is the eldest child of distinguished Shakespearean actor Sir Michael Redgrave, 70, and actress Rachel Kempson, 67, whose other children include son Corin, 39, and Lynn, 35. The family's background has long featured political activism and generously liberal views, but the first-born outdid even her father, who was banned briefly from the BBC some forty years ago for supporting the communist-leaning People's Convention. The star has twice run (on the unsuccessful Trotskyite ticket) for Parliament, as has Corin, for whom she stumped two days after

Vanessa Redgrave sits for a portrait with Richard Gere (center) and his buddies-in-arms on the set of the John Schlesinger film Yanks. "It's my first love story in a long time," Redgrave says. "I chose to do it because it says a lot about war and men and women in stressful circumstances. And everyone loves a love story...." (Photo by Michael Childers/Sygma)



"Apart from my time on the set, I'm not overly much into motion pictures," Vanessa Redgrave admits. "Politics interest me far more, and my documentaries are a way of blending the two for maximum advantage." (Photo by George Whitear)

winning her first and probably last Oscar. She has also led or participated in countless demonstrations against Vietnam, imperialism, exploitative employers, and male chauvinism. She recently exhorted Milanese factory workers to rebel against minuscule wages and poor working conditions.

"My consciousness was raised years before it was fashionable to raise it," she intones while sipping "white" tea. "Suez and Hungary, in 1956, were the catalysts. From then on, there was no turning back...." Her personal and romantic life, however, did tend to get in the way at times. In 1962 she wed director Tony Richardson, by whom she had daughters Natasha, 14, and Joely Kim, 13, both of whom attend "public," or private, schools and hope to follow in their mother's professional footsteps.

In 1967 Vanessa sued for divorce on grounds of Richardson's adultery with French actress Jeanne Moreau, but remained friendly with Richardson, for whom she continued to work. Then came hunky *Camelot* costar Franco Nero and their love child, Carlo (now eight and presumably an archaeologist-to-be). The redheaded star of *Morgan*, *Blow-Up*, and *Isadora* was one of the first actresses to live openly with the father of her illegitimate child, creating further, considerable controversy at the time. In 1970 she had a miscarriage, and now claims, "My children are wonderful, but three is enough, anyway." Again, the subtly pained expression.

Today, Redgrave and Nero are a thing of the past, and she now finds younger men more to her liking. "It's a definite trend, isn't it?" she muses, reeling off names of several matronly thespians involved with young males. "Of course, the super-straight call us dirty old women, but they inevitably look the other way when an eighty-year-old lech walks in the room with Lolita on his sweaty

arm. I'm not interested in any kind of possessive relationship resembling marriage. I found out long ago that living together isn't that far removed from being married."

Rather, Vanessa prefers escorts or a string of boyfriends in various locations. At least one of them is a handsome Palestinian she met while shooting the controversial two-and-a-half-hour documentary, *The Palestinians*, which she financed by selling her mansion and moving into a modest home with a tiny front garden. The actress-activist declines to name any of her current men, but mentions that "I may have a driving, unromantic image, but I'm still a woman and I have a need for masculine companionship and affection."

It was *The Palestinians* that got the vociferous personality into the mess that culminated on Oscar night, in front of an estimated 400 million global viewers. Her support of Palestinian refugees' right to a homeland of their own was vigorously, even violently, opposed by the radical Jewish Defense League, which initiated an ineffective boycott of *Julia* and staged a huge rally outside the L.A. Music Center where the awards were held, burning her effigy and labeling her "the whore of the Palestinians."

"To have been given the Oscar is a sign of the moral strength of Jews and others who voted for me despite the slanderous propaganda aimed at them by the JDL." As she speaks, she is noticeably unresentful, but allows that the night she encountered the rude demonstrators she was "fit to be tied, if you'll pardon a poor expression."

Although her documentary has yet to be shown in the States, she is undertaking a second, in southern Lebanon, to be financed in part by her *Agatha* earnings. Redgrave is willing to converse at length on the Mideastern dilemma, slightly less so to discuss the interesting films on her agenda. At the moment, she is shooting *Yanks* at Twickenham, a World War II love story in which she plays a courageous cellist.

"It's my first love story in a long time," she says with a gleam in her eye. "I chose to do it because it says a lot about war and men and women in stressful circumstances. And everyone loves a love story...." The Redgrave image will no doubt be softened in her next two films, and as she candidly puts it, "I need all the help I can get with the American distributors and certain segments of the public. There have been noises made about boycotting my films, but they won't have much success, I don't think, partly because most people are too sensible. Remember how they tried to keep Jane [Fonda] from working, and now she's in the midst of her most productive, respected period. Furthermore, the worthy casts, subjects, and treatment of these films are beyond pettiness and will win their own audiences."

Dustin Hoffman, for one, was less than charmed with *Agatha's* final print, and has sued First Artists for cutting a pivotal scene between himself and his leading lady, claiming the company undermined his creative supervision of both *Agatha* and the previously released *Straight Time*. "Personally, I'd rather stick to acting," offers the star between long slurps of tea, "than take on monumental chores like directing, producing, or writing a film. Apart from my time on the set, I'm not overly much into motion pictures. Politics interests me far more, and my documentaries are a way of blending the two for maximum advantage."

Vanessa's work in *Yanks* (directed by John Schlesinger and costarring Richard Gere and Rachel Roberts), is said to be excellent, but she seems to put more work into making plans for the second documentary and reading a potential script and other material on the seventeenth-century female pirates Anne Bonny and Mary Read. Jane Fonda said of her colleague's acting in *Julia*, that she was able to walk before cameras "cold," without prior preparation, do her scenes quite effortlessly and walk off, psychologically switching back within seconds. Jane, on the other hand, is a Method actress who requires intense mental and physical rehearsal.

When her *modus operandi* is compared with Fonda's, Redgrave states somewhat defensively, "It's not that I'm unenthusiastic about my work, but I don't need to delve into it—it's either instinctual for me or it isn't. I can either identify with a

character or I can't. I've been called a 'natural' actress, but whether I really am, I've no idea. I haven't tried to categorize or inspect myself, which might be artistically fatal."

Well into her second cup of tea, she touches upon the future. Gathering two of the pirate books into her lap, she tells of looking forward to re-teaming with her favorite nonfamilial actress: "I think Mary and Anne will be perfect for Jane and me. They're fascinating characters, doubly exciting because they really existed, yet so few people have ever heard of them. Both were free spirits, lusty, determined, adventurous... two real women who lived their lives precisely as they pleased."

The Bonny and Read story will be an expensive undertaking, one which could never have surfaced without the backing of superstar draws. Actually, the women would play just about anything for the opportunity to work together again, for theirs is a sisterly mutual admiration society. "There was talk about our doing a remake of *Two Women*," laughs Vanessa incredulously, "but I can't imagine how it got started. I mean, which of us would play the teenage daughter?"

Beyond the piratical tale, the Shakespearean trainee (she played Lady Macbeth opposite Charlton Heston a few years back) wants to do a play, preferably in London. She uneasily recalls how much news space was given over to her "feud" with sister Lynn while both were appearing on the Broadway stage last time she was there doing Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*. She is eager to avoid such trivialization of a family relationship, far preferring audiences—and readers—to dwell upon the merits of an individual performance than on scandal sheet pap.

"Theater is taken more seriously in England," she explains. "I was doing a serious play, a lesser known one. But almost everything I read was about the differences between Lynn and I, how we couldn't possibly be of the same parents and never saw each other for fear of my converting my little sister to communism." Vanessa then proceeds to lay a few myths to rest: "We are *not* close. For one thing, Lynn lives in New York. She's very involved with her husband and kids. We have different lifestyles and opinions, but we also have a lot in common, for we share the same background and childhood memories. We're no more and no less than ordinary sisters. Corin and I are on closer terms, and we share the same ideology and are geographically closer. Now, enough family talk, for family matters bore everyone but family members."

All right. Back to the career. Why has the sought-after Ms. Redgrave made so few Hollywood pictures over the years, and does she regret that she may never be able to work there again?

"I try never to regret anything." The eyes are cool but piercing. She puts her teacup aside. "It's not difficult if one thinks things out beforehand. I'm not a rash person. I always consider what I'm going to say before I say it. That may irritate some impatient people or they might consider it arrogant, but it makes me more confident of what I do or say."

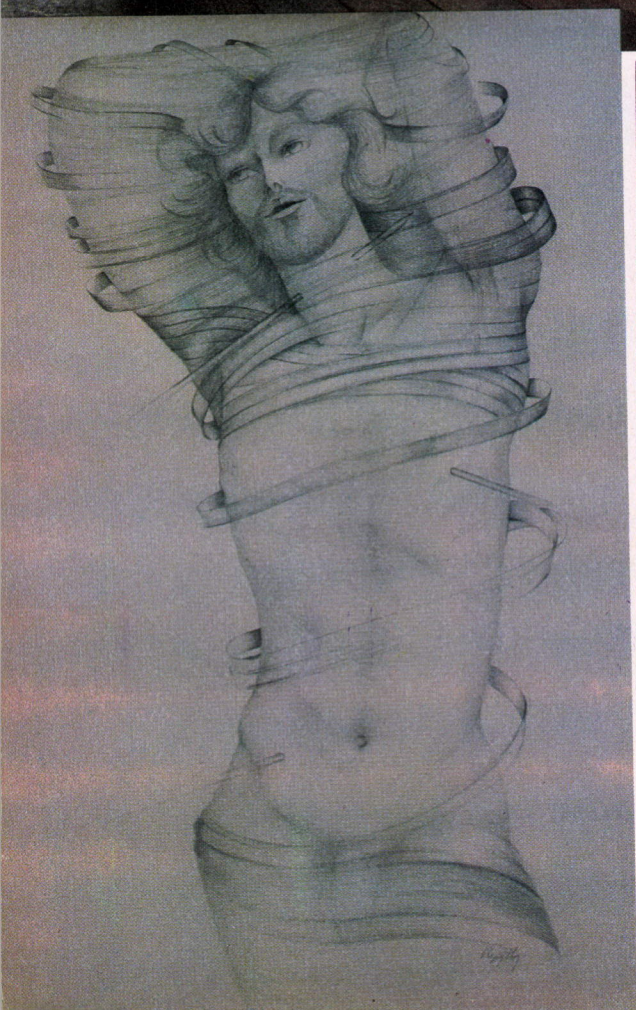
"There are several reasons I've worked mostly in England and the continent. It's partially happenstance. Plus, I happen to live here. England is home and I've no desire to move to a foreign country. Finally, the typical Hollywood movie is a star vehicle, not an actress vehicle. I never wanted to be a star nor a superstar nor even a microstar. It's not what I was taught acting should be. But if something worthwhile came my way and it entailed a stay in Hollywood, I'd fly off without giving it a second thought."

"And I *shall* work in Hollywood again. We're too fascinated by each other to break it off completely. Mind you, we couldn't live together, but there's a lot to be said for an occasional tryst, don't you find?"



A bigger star than ever after her Oscar-winning performance in Julia and her controversial politicizing at the Academy Awards last spring, Vanessa Redgrave is now trying to soften her image in two upcoming films: she plays a courageous cellist during World War II in Yanks (at right) and portrays Agatha Christie, the late, great mistress of mysteries, in Agatha, with Dustin Hoffman. (Photo by Michael Childers/Sygma)





Renoir once lived in the studio (above) where Regis Dho now paints. Dho's work has received much acclaim, including the Prix Lyantey last March, awarded by the French Minister of Culture to the most outstanding artist below the age of thirty in France.

REGIS DHO: EROTICA RISING

by Marta Landau
photos by J. Barbot

Moving about in his studio where Renoir used to live on the Pigalle in Paris, Régis Dho recalls that significant day in his life which filled him with the conviction that society had designated him to paint. The date was twenty-six years ago, when he was four years old. He was living in Morocco. His painting depicted a huge carrot and a pineapple on a black background. It was shown to the entire school because of its merits. "The carrot and the pineapple symbolize man and woman to me," he explains. "In fact, everything I paint and draw is erotic."

Because Régis Dho's creativity is spontaneous and direct, transferring his personality onto the canvas, the development and progress of his art and person are intertwined, like his figures, whether they are challenging each other, flowing and moving, or whether they have reached a static but limitless harmony. Régis molds his eroticism and sensitivity into shapes, and places them in space.

"I think people draw because they cannot express themselves with words," he says, leaning back on the heavily embroidered black velvet cushion, set against the railings of the gallery overlooking his studio floor. His Persian cats, Mitsou and Pirana, snuggle up to him, and his hands caress them with long, rhythmic strokes. "The meaning of what I create always comes to me only much later. Even today I am unable to verbalize my art. I have to wait for people who look at my work to translate it into language."

His studio, transformed during the past two years from an empty, hostile shell into a creative haven, provides Régis with the security he needs. There is an inlaid table from the Orient; plants trailing along the balustrade, almost touching a low, generous divan bed under a tent-shaped, cherry-pink satin baldachin lined with black satin. Through the huge windows, which cover an entire wall, transvestites are offering their charms down below in the streets. In the distance, Sacre Coeur reigns over tourist-infested Montmartre. Paris cultivates and satisfies Régis' sense of beauty, proportion, and perspective. And what he creates is the mirror image of himself at a given moment. Arranged in chronological order, his work illustrates, like a psychological cartoon strip, the struggle of Régis Dho to find and establish his identity, to prove himself, and to be accepted.

"The first shock I had in my life was when I arrived at the age of fourteen from exotic, erotic Morocco to provincial, narrow-minded, static Tours, a small town in France, in the middle of the winter. I felt completely uprooted. It was only when I went to art school that the grayness and hostility of the town started to fade. Art was everyday life there, and because of my art I was no longer an outsider." Régis did well at art school and at the end of the course he had earned some of the highest marks in France. It was then that he decided he must continue his studies in Paris. He went fruit-picking that summer

and saved money for his education. He settled in a cheap Left Bank student hotel, and, thanks to his top marks, jumped the first two years of the course at the National Art School for Design.

"Like a puppy dog that had nothing to eat for a week, I started to devour culture." Because of his talent and also because of his handsome appearance, he soon found himself accepted in the charmed circle of "Tout Paris"—the privileged, incestuous, ruthless, and cruel art world of Paris. (Pierre Cardin hired him as a stage designer for one year.) "It was only in Paris that I discovered my body. The city crowds provided me with the anonymity I needed. I died my hair purple, wore extravagant fantasy clothes. And when I was twenty, I made love to a man for the first time."

Régis Dho gets up and walks down his "Jacob's Ladder" onto the studio floor. He starts opening cupboards and drawers. "Come and have a look at what I have found," he calls out. "I have been keeping my past hidden away for years. Now that I have come face to face with it again, I realize how intimate it is and that I could never sell it." Contained in large folders, spread out on the floor is a collection of erotica. Phalluses shaped into people without hair, arms, or legs and drawn with closed eyes, were growing out of wombs like multibranching flowers. They all have umbilical cords growing out of their brains. "I remember, I had to draw these shapes. It was compulsive, and only after I had slept with a man did I start drawing and painting figures that had arms, feet, hair, and open eyes. My colors were pink and blue. Everybody was submerged up to his waist in a pool. Later I started to paint the confrontation of two people. I managed to persuade some galleries to exhibit my work. But nobody liked it and they thought I was mad."

Régis shuts the folders, gets up, and puts them back into the darkness. "It was only when I crawled out of my snake pit and found my studio that I became a real artist. That is when I also started to become a success. Exhibition in Paris became a yearly event. I was offered one-man shows in the major international art fairs in Basel, Switzerland; Cologne, Germany; Bologna, Italy; and of course here in Paris last year at the Grand Palais." Then came the next big step: his first encounter with the United States. In May, 1978, he participated in the Washington Art Fair in Washington, D.C., America's biggest international art fair. "With trepidation I left my world and plunged into America," he says. After three weeks, Régis realized that he could relate to the United States, and more important, that Americans could relate to him

and his work. This October, Régis Dho's first one-man gallery exhibition will open at the David Alexander gallery in North Carolina. Later in the year, Régis will also exhibit at international art fairs in Paris and Teheran, and early in 1979 on the West Coast.

Eroticism continues to dominate Régis Dho's work. His sensuousness ties him to Paris. But since he has been to the United States, he can no longer imagine living without America's energy and open society. "I am planning a yearly pilgrimage to the States, to get onto that fantastic fast train, traveling at two-hundred-miles-per-hour. For an artist, Europe and the United States are complementary and interrelated. The U.S. has the dynamism and the dimension. We in Europe have the decaying sophistication. I need both to keep me creative."





*Martha Scott (right), whose last Broadway appearance was as Mrs. Antrobus in the revival of *The Skin of Our Teeth*, is back on Broadway this October as the coproducer of *First Monday* in October, starring Jane Alexander and Henry Fonda (photos by Richard Braaten). Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's bracingly witty *Supreme Court* drama played Washington, D.C., last winter to sellout crowds—a feat it should duplicate during its limited engagement at the Majestic Theatre. Should the demand occur, the producers will extend the run with replacements.*



NO MONDAY BLUES FOR MARTHA SCOTT

by Doug McClelland

Talking with Martha Scott is not merely a matter of seeing a favorite actress or an old friend again; it is a trip back to the start of this writer's career. Two yellowing pages in an old scrapbook reveal that Martha Scott was one of my first interviews. Then, the angle was Scott's latest film reemergence, after one of her periodic concentrations on the theater, in two of the mid-1950s' most important productions, William Wyler's *The Desperate Hours* and Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*. The title of the story was "Reborn Star." Twenty-two years after the piece appeared, I give Miss Scott a copy when we meet again and she laughs, "I love the title. 'Reborn Star'! That's me. I'm always a star reborn!"

Even earlier, the film I consider Martha Scott's apex, *Cheers for Miss Bishop* (1941), in which she went from girlhood to old age as a female Mr. Chips, inspired me to think seriously for several years about becoming a schoolteacher. "Am I glad you changed your mind!" she exclaims as we sit down to get the story on her newest career adjunct: producing. More specifically, coproducing a new play entitled *First Monday in October*, by Robert E. Lee and Jerome Lawrence. Starring will be Henry Fonda as arch-liberal Supreme Court Justice Daniel Snow and Jane Alexander as ultra conservative Judge Ruth Loomis, the first woman appointed to the Supreme Court. It is set to open at Broadway's Majestic Theater on Oct. 3—the first Tuesday in October.

Bustling about the New York sanctum of her publicist John Springer, Scott is in a state of high excitement over the production. Since our last meeting, in fact, almost everything about her seems heightened. She has not only grown blonder, but her eyes are even a brighter blue and her manner is far

more vivacious than most of her fragile-flower film roles have allowed her to be. And she is looking younger, I think, than she did those two decades ago, especially when she lights up the room with one of the crinkliest and cheeriest of smiles. Martha Scott seems to be a rarity: a happy actress.

First Monday in October came about as a result of Scott's involvement as a director of the Plumstead Playhouse, now located in Pasadena, California, where the actress-producer lives. Plumstead was begun a few years ago in Mineola, Long Island, when Scott and some others, including Henry Fonda and the late Robert Ryan, decided there was a need for a repertory company "to do revivals of good plays new generations hadn't seen." One of their revivals was Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, the 1937-38 Pulitzer Prize drama in which Scott had been the original Emily for both the Broadway production and 1940 film (receiving a best actress Academy Award nomination). Henry Fonda appeared in the Plumstead revival and, according to the not unbiased coproducer of *First Monday in October*, "Hank was the best Stage Manager of this generation."

"I phoned Bob Lee and Jerry Lawrence to thank them for some help they had given me appraising some new playwrights," Scott goes on, "and I asked them what they were up to. They said they had been working on this play, *First Monday in October*, and were on second or third revisions. I was looking for something to do as part of Plumstead; we had never done a new play. I said I'd love to see a good play. They sent it, I read it. And it was Hank. I phoned Hank and he said, 'I read that play a couple of years ago. It wasn't for me... Are you sure they revised it?... Okay, send it over.' He loved the play and agreed to do it. I flew East with the script to see Roger L. Stevens, who has produced so many great Broadway shows. He is American theater, but he's very modest and publicity-shy. We talked about *First Monday* and he read it. I flew back to the Coast right away and he called me the next day and said, 'It should be done at the Kennedy Center.' Roger's immediate thought was Jane Alexander for

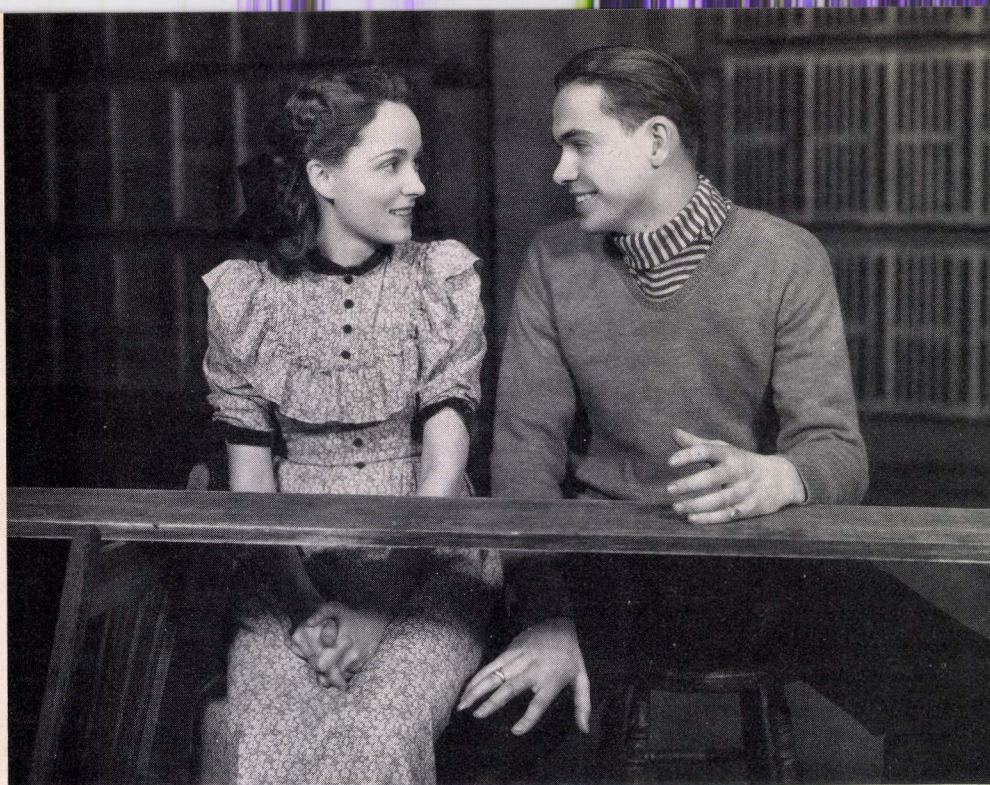
the costarring role. Edwin Sherin, who became the director, Jane, and I had all toured recently with *The Time of Your Life*, which I coproduced."

First Monday opened this past winter at the Eisenhower Theater of Washington's Kennedy Center where it played for nine-and-a-half weeks to sellout houses. "It was one of the most thrilling events of my life," Scott claims. "The Eisenhower has eleven hundred seats, and every one was filled every night. Even during the blizzards we had last winter, people were standing. We were the producers and we never got to sit down!" The "we" is comprised of Scott and Roger L. Stevens, of course, and Scott's Plumstead partners, Joel Spector and Bernard Giesen. They will also be in charge of the Broadway presentation, as will director Sherin.

"Some of the laughs in the show are the biggest I've ever heard," swears Scott. "The debates between Hank and Jane, two political opposites, are often hilarious. By the end, each character has gained great respect for the other. Underneath it all is a kind of saying that our system works. We know how polarized we are, but see how it works."

First Monday in October is set for a limited Broadway engagement of twelve weeks, because both Fonda and Alexander have other commitments. Should the demand occur, the producers will extend the run with replacements. Scott would love to see the play tour major cities. There is already talk of a film version, she says. The attractive entrepreneur adds that Fonda, who had serious health problems a couple of years ago, is fine now. "He has more energy than all of us."

Born in Jamesport, Missouri, and a graduate of the University of Michigan, Martha Scott originally planned to be a schoolteacher. Instead, she entered show business via summer stock and radio. "Finally, I managed to get a part in a Kenyon Nicholson play," she recalls. "After we had been in rehearsals a week, I got a call from my agent, who told me that Jed Harris had a drama called *Our Town* in rehearsal but



The Howards of Virginia (1940) teamed Martha Scott with Cary Grant in her second film. Phil Taylor, Rita Quigley, and Tom Drake are also pictured in this scene from the movie that led Martha Scott to be cast in Cheers for Miss Bishop, a highlight of her film career.



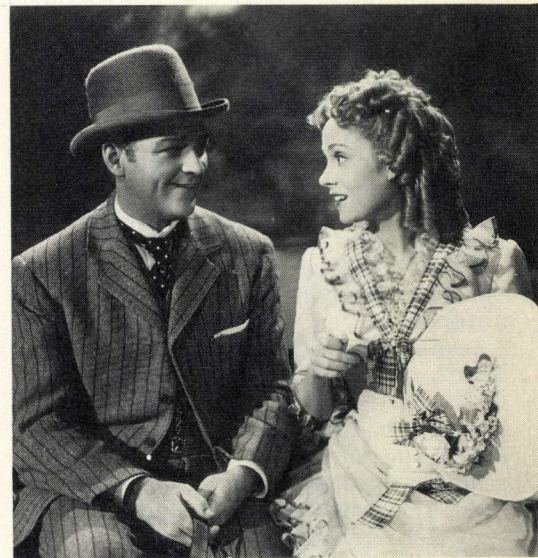
Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* played a large role in the development of Martha Scott's career. In 1938, producer Jed Harris tapped the young ingénue for the role of Emily in the Broadway production opposite John Craven (top). Her success in the show led her to Hollywood, where she re-created the role opposite William Holden in the film version (above).

Photos courtesy the Bettman-Springer Film/Theatre Archive.

wouldn't go on unless he could find a new ingénue. So I went to the Harris office for an audition, read a brief scene, and then told Jed I already had another job. He pushed back my hat, looked at my bangs and said, 'Sign the contract.' But, I remarked, I was keeping Mr. Nicholson waiting. Jed answered, 'Tell him you're quitting and be back at four o'clock.'"

Soon after *Our Town* and Martha Scott were established hits, David O. Selznick brought her from New York to Hollywood to test for the role of Melanie in *Gone with the Wind*. "I looked awful in the test," she admits, "and Mr. Selznick told me to go home. 'You're for the theater,' he said. Consequently, when

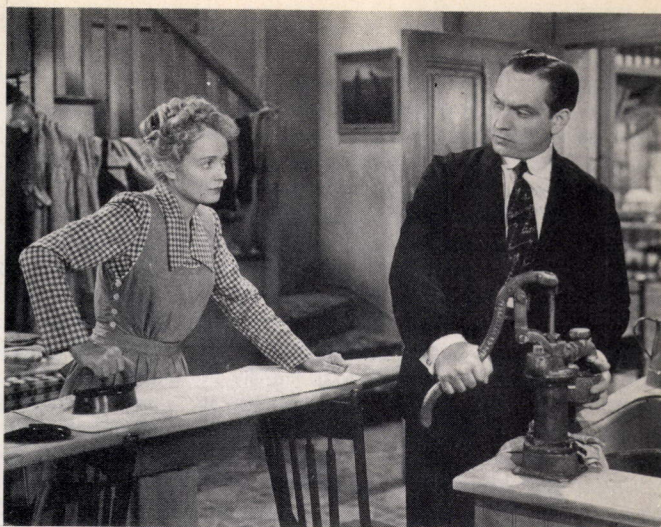
As a female version of Mr. Chips, Martha Scott aged from nineteen to seventy-six years of age in *Cheers for Miss Bishop*, a 1941 film which also featured William Gargan.



I was asked to test for the film version of *Our Town*, I had no high hopes. Another thing: about seventy-five girls were tested. Still, I went ahead and did the test with Bill Holden, who was already signed to costar, and was ready to go home again. I saw the test in a projection room with my agent, whom I kept telling to hold my hand, I was so nervous. I couldn't believe how well it went! There I was up there at the age of twelve with pigtails, and then, with a big bow in the back as a teenager with Bill in the drugstore scene. It was all as good as anything that got in the movie itself. Bert Glennon, who photographed the test and the movie, was a genius."



John Wayne, who costarred with Martha Scott and George "Gabby" Hayes in *In Old Oklahoma*, was one of Martha's favorite peers.



Frederic March appeared with Martha Scott in *One Foot in Heaven*, which she considers among her finest work.

Martha Scott's "Charlton Heston" period started when she played his wife in Broadway's *Design for a Stained Glass Window*; continued when she played his mother in *The Ten Commandments* and *Ben Hur* (below, with Cathy O'Donnell, and Haya Harareet); and came full circle when she again appeared as his wife in *The Tumbler* on Broadway.



Few film careers have been launched so spectacularly as Scott's: for her first picture she received an Oscar nomination. She was rushed into *The Howards of Virginia* (1940), opposite Cary Grant, no less. "Cary chose me from tests he'd seen of various girls. I think he thought I resembled his girlfriend, Barbara Hutton. He was wonderful, such a help. He'd been in pictures for years and knew how green I was. Cary and Freddie March, with whom I soon made one of my favorite movies, *One Foot in Heaven*, and years later, *The Desperate Hours*, were so hip about the camera. When it came time for a two-shot, for my face to be seen over their shoulders, they would manipulate me with their feet so that I

would be trapped within my marks and unable to move out of camera range."

Cheers for Miss Bishop came along in 1941. "I loved it. We all should have had Academy nominations, but it was an independent picture that didn't make a great deal of money. Richard Rowland, the producer, had owned the story for years but could never find anyone who wanted to play it. Actresses didn't want to age in pictures then, and *Miss Bishop* went from nineteen to seventy-six years old. He saw me in *The Howards of Virginia*, in which I aged to about fifty-five, and that gave him the idea to use me in *Miss Bishop*."

For Scott, the farce *Hi Diddle Diddle* (1943) was notable because it introduced her to Billie Burke, Florenz Ziegfeld's widow and the screen's foremost delineator of flaky matrons. "She wasn't like that at all. She was a dreamy person, sensible and down-to-earth. I watched her put her makeup on once, and only *then* did she become that wacky character."

Another legendary player with whom Scott has costarred is John Wayne. They did *In Old Oklahoma* together in 1943. Scott remembers, "John, like Cary and Freddie, knew I was still new to films. This was his first million-dollar western, but he was very experienced and did he ever help me! We located in Kanab, Utah, where the temperature sometimes rose to one-hundred-and-seventeen degrees. Those heavy period dresses were murder. We would repair to John's air-conditioned trailer and play Hell, a sort of Double Solitaire. I could never beat him. He was so fast with

James Mitchell and Martha Scott played the hard-driving, money-conscious artistic directors of the American Ballet Company in Herbert Ross' *The Turning Point*.



those big hands and such a quick thinker."

I speak of a pet Martha Scott film, the sensitive, practically unknown *When I Grow Up* (1951), an early generation-gap drama in which she and Robert Preston tried to raise Bobby Driscoll. "It was made by Horizon Pictures, the company owned by John Huston and Sam Spiegel whose *African Queen* was released the same year. *When I Grow Up* is never mentioned in any of the articles or books on John Huston, and he was on the set often. It was a little gem, made in about four weeks, but it was put out with a batch of 'B' pictures and got lost. Hardly anybody even bothered to review it. Now it seems to have disappeared altogether. It doesn't even turn up on TV." Publicist Springer later reveals that he is including *When I Grow Up* in a book he is writing on forgotten screen classics.

Scott then entered her Charlton Heston period. "I was Charlton's wife in one of his first plays, *Design for a Stained Glass Window*. Then he dashed off to Hollywood where he became a big movie star. A few years later I was playing his mother in *The Ten Commandments* and *Ben-Hur*. After that, I played his wife again in *The Tumbler* on Broadway. Most recently, I appeared with him in *Airport '75*—as a Mother Superior! Charlton and I are very good friends. We tease each other a lot, joke around like a brother and sister. When we were on location at an airport in Utah with the film, I must have said something snidely kidding to him, because he smacked me good on the behind. I was in my nun's habit, and boy did we get looks!" Apparently, pun intended, there is no end in sight to their professional relationship.

Two more screen superstars with whom Scott has worked were Humphrey Bogart, in *The Desperate Hours* (1955), and Marlon Brando, in *Sayonara* (1957). "Bogart was never outgoing," she says. "Furthermore, I think he was beginning to be ill with the disease that finally killed him a couple of years later. But he was always warm. I never felt uncomfortable with him. I was able to get to know his wife, Lauren Bacall, better. She is a doll, a very real person.

"Brando was no trouble, either. Maybe he has had some reserve with film people, but not with theater people, which I like to think I am. We would sit around with our feet up on the sets—Marlon, Kent Smith, and I—singing 'I've Been Workin' on the Railroad.' We must have been a trial to our director, Josh Logan. Marlon was charming. I didn't go on the Japanese location for *Sayonara*. They had found a Japanese garden or something here for our scenes. When I came on the film, they had already been shooting quite awhile and Marlon came over and shook my hand. When he let go, I found a yen in it. He had put it there for good luck."

More recently, Scott missed a supporting actress Oscar nomination for her portrayal of the ballet company director in *The Turning Point* (1977). "The studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, decided to push our lovely ingénue, Leslie Browne, instead. And without a big

studio behind you," she notes, "it's very hard to get the nomination."

Wherever Miss Scott has been throughout her career, it has never been very far from live theater. Diaper rash kept me from seeing her on stage in *Our Town*, so my favorite Scott performance in that medium was her role in *A Distant Bell*, by Katherine Morrill. "A fascinating play," wrote the *Daily News'* John Chapman of *Bell* in 1960. "Miss Scott is wonderful as an ex-lunatic who is saner than most of us." Scott likes the play, too, although it flew fast over the Broadway nest and flopped. It could have been ahead of its time. Of course, she has done a considerable amount of television as well, including the recent CBS mini-series, "The Word."

Scott has been married for more than thirty years to pianist-composer Mel Powell. They have two daughters: Mary, "who has been writing and singing and is now thinking of going into biochemistry—she's interested in everything"; and Kati, "who just got a scholarship to the Actors Studio on the Coast." Her son, Scott, born of her first marriage to radio-film producer Carleton Alsop, "is helping to develop the Martha Mitchell story for films, with Diane Ladd, who will star. He's also working with producer Paul Gregory on some things. Scott has found he can write, too."

This writer is surely not alone when he hopes that Martha Scott, after *First Monday in October* is safely ensconced as a hit, will next produce a play (or film) starring Martha Scott.

CITIZEN FONDA

by Harvey Elliott

There's no safety for old people and children.

Women can't keep their families safe in their houses. They can't be safe in their own fields.

Churches, schools, hospitals are targets.

It's not War. War's between soldiers.

It's murder—murder of innocent people. There's no sense to it.

The world *can* stop it.

Where is the conscience of the world?

Fonda's familiar face, staring bluntly into the camera lens, begs the audience for a response. Jane and Vietnam on the 1970 Seven O'Clock News? Nosireebob, as young Mr. Lincoln might say. It's Henry and the Spanish Civil War in a 1938 movie called *Blockade*. It was the first time anybody even thought about a political Fonda.

The words weren't his, but the sincerity was. And thirty years before Jane's life began to imitate her father's art, we had a movie star who represented the Left as surely as John Wayne or Jimmy Stewart stood for the Right.

Now, when a good actor can pick and choose parts to fit an ideology, this might not be so rare, but during the studios' contract days, one had very little control over what came next. Stars were more readily loaned out than lured into projects.

Amazing, then, that Henry Fonda's career has been so consistent, from youthful idealist through Establishment gray years until now, when he's playing on Broadway as a cantankerous old ultra-liberal Justice of the Supreme Court in *First Monday in October*. Peter Bogdanovich called it "solidity," that aspect of Henry Fonda that makes him everybody's favorite politician. It also has something to do with honesty and directness as an actor, a man who purports to have no "method" but instinct, and whose advice on acting is "Don't get caught acting. Don't let them see the machinery." We should be so lucky with our real-life politicians.

From the outset, Fonda was the movies' common man, and his "just folks" charm and country boy charisma made him a new kind of leading man. And leading man he was, having come to Hollywood to repeat his Broadway success as the star of *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. Bypassing the bit parts and supporting roles that usually mark an actor's progress, Fonda hit it big with his first film, although it—along with his drawl, his grin, and his long, loping walk—would pigeonhole him right away as a good-hearted hillbilly. When they put a coat and tie on him and cast him in a comedy, he still exuded an irresistible gee-whiz naiveté. But in 1937, producer Walter Wanger, who had him under contract since *Farmer* but had loaned him out as often as he had used him, put Fonda into *You Only Live Once*.

As Eddie Taylor, Fonda took his common man into a social context for the first time. Fritz Lang's doomed story of a young exconvict on the run with a fragile bride couldn't have worked without the humility and desperation Fonda brought to it. There is a certain class-conscious helplessness that attends the acting of Fonda and Sylvia Sydney which elevates *You Only Live Once* above the innocent-man-wrongly-pursued melodramatics on its surface. Fonda would twice repeat that role of unjustly accused suspect—in John Brahm's *Let Us Live* and Alfred Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man*—but not with the strong social underpinnings he brought to Eddie Taylor, a young boy convicted as certainly for being an uneducated misfit as for anything else.

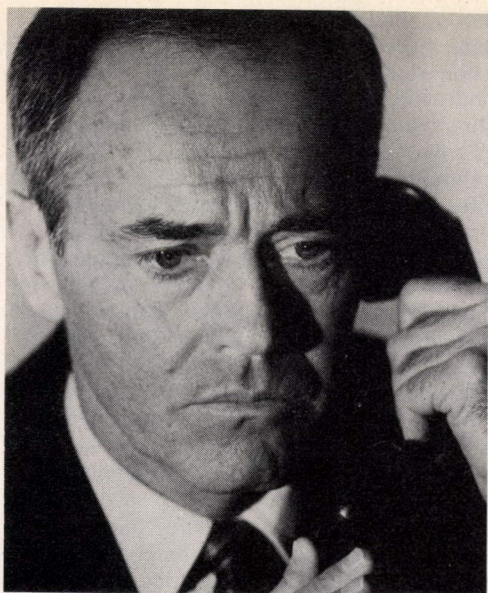
The following year (1938), Wanger was anxious to capitalize on the startling news that was coming out of Spain. He stuck his neck out and made a bold anti-Fascist film, calling in avowed communist John Howard Lawson to write the script, and then whitewashed it with a spy story/romance to make it palatable to the public as well as to pacify special interest groups and censors. No one should have been offended by the outcome, which so blurred political lines that it was hard to tell the Loyalists from the

Republicans, but the Catholic Church protested nonetheless, and *Blockade* was banned outright in several cities. It did, however, give Henry Fonda a few eloquent speeches about a man's right to farm his own land and preserve the peace in his own country, including the rousing coda to the film that asks where the world's conscience is. Still playing a peasant but politicizing him for the first time, Fonda was impassioned and tormented as he consolidated the poor people into a fighting force, trying all the while to convince lovely Madeleine Carroll to switch sides.

After *Jesse James*, in which he played the laconic Frank James to Tyrone Power's somewhat lackluster Jesse—outlaws born of circumstance, not of evil—Fonda met John Ford, who persuaded him to play Abraham Lincoln. *Young Mr. Lincoln* is a piece of pure Americana, legend distilled through the miraculously simple and gentle presence of Fonda, playing not the President but a jackleg lawyer from Illinois who decides, at the end of the film, that he just might leave the law and "go on a piece, maybe to the top of that hill." There isn't a false note in Fonda's Lincoln, and though his physical impersonation is impressive, it's the emotional essence of Lincoln that both Ford and Fonda so gracefully capture. His wisdom and wit, his sensible and practical philosophy, his utter calm—all are conveyed through the sincere and affecting way Fonda opens himself to Lincoln's humility. It was, by far, the best work Fonda had done in films so far, and therefore not surprising when he hung onto John Ford for his next two movies.

Drums Along the Mohawk was a romantic Revolutionary War epic, rich in Fordian atmosphere and affording Fonda a moving soliloquy in which he related the horrors of a battle just ended. But the apex of their partnership came with *The Grapes of Wrath*, a monumental populist film which brought Fonda firmly in touch with the proletarian Left. "We are the People," says Tom Joad repeatedly in the Depression-era classic about Dust Bowl Okies dispossessed of everything but their souls. Fonda was the first choice of author John Steinbeck, who called the actor, "a lean, stringy, dark-faced piece of electricity." He won the only Oscar nomination of his career for this performance, and Tom Joad was to imbue him with subconscious associations audiences carry with Fonda to this day.

In order to play Joad, Fonda had to sign a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, which resulted in a post-*Wrath* slump, at least at Fox. Frank James was brought back for a sequel, which pleased everybody except Fonda. He hadn't liked working with Fritz Lang before on *You Only Live Once*, finding him insensitive to actors and something of a martinet. When Lang was assigned *The Return of Frank James*, all Fonda could do was go along. The Joad contract saw to that. Politics was touchy stuff since World War II had started, and social significance had been swept away with the dust of *Wrath*.



Henry Fonda was an anguished President facing all-out nuclear war in Sidney Lumet's Fail Safe, most of which he played with a telephone glued to his ear.

Photos courtesy the Bettman-Springer Film/Theatre Archive.

Lumet's first film also starred Fonda as one reasonable juror among 12 Angry Men. This was the only film in the actor's career which he also produced—and the one role that was his idea and not someone else's.



People wanted upbeat films, but Fonda discovered aspects of that old honesty-and-integrity specter in even his lighter assignments. In a madcap comedy like *The Male Animal*, the liberal message rang clear. He played Tommy Turner, a slightly befuddled college professor caught between the forces of football and academia, and something more serious besides. The issue is Red-baiting and the hubbub caused when Turner announces he's going to read, in class, a letter written by Bartolomeo Vanzetti. With intellectual freedom threatened by a herd of reactionary trustees, Turner finds the guts to stand in the face of their threats and, in one of the most moving sequences in Fonda's career, reads slowly and deliberately the actual words written by the martyred liberal Vanzetti while awaiting execution in 1927. It's an unforgettable climax to an otherwise frivolous campus comedy.

The next fifteen years saw Henry Fonda alternate between the screen and the New York stage. During that time, whenever his roles turned political, he stood—with one exception—for the voice of reason. (John Ford cast him against type in *Fort Apache*, when Fonda played an inflexible military colonel, his first really unsympathetic character in forty films.) He did watch a lynch mob execute innocent men in *The Ox-Bow Incident*. It was an offbeat Fonda portrayal—tired, embittered, and aloof, but wise nonetheless to the folly of mob violence—and consequently less likable than usual and tougher to fathom. But Fonda wanted nothing more than to submerge his role into a real ensemble effort, which he did again fifteen years later in *12 Angry Men*. Once more he was the one reasonable man.

Time passed, and by the time the 1960s arrived, Fonda was ensconced as a responsible Establishment figure, an honest man who had survived McCarthyism and grayed admirably. Loud, boisterous politicians were a thing of the past; the Kennedy era suggested more intellectual, refined government. The movies followed fashion, and Fonda found himself in a trilogy of political films made between 1961 and 1963 that cast him, respectively, as a candidate for Secretary of State, a candidate for President, and finally as the President himself. He had also been first choice for an Irving Berlin musical on Broadway called *Mr. President*, in the role eventually created by Robert Ryan, and the producers of *Seven Days in May* wanted him to play *their* President as well. But enough was enough, and Fonda found himself with more political roles that he could fill during any one theatrical term of office. Hand in hand with these new assignments came the chance to cultivate some ambiguities, to flesh out these heroes with weaknesses common to men and absent in legends.

Robert Leffingwell, for example, in Otto Preminger's *Advise and Consent*, was a distinguished politician and a good liberal whom a dying President hoped to get nominated as Secretary of State. Leffingwell,



Henry Fonda stepped out of character in John Ford's *Fort Apache* to play an unsympathetic part for the first time in forty films. He would only do it once again, as the Grand Guignol villain in Sergio Leone's *Once Upon a Time in the West*.

As a college professor making a stand for intellectual freedom against Red-baiting trustees, Fonda brightened Elliott Nugent's *The Male Animal*. Here he's seen with screen wife Olivia de Havilland and Ivan Simpson.



though, had the taint of communism in his past; more seriously than that, he denied it when questioned by the Senate. Critic Andrew Sarris found it perverse that Fonda should be so cast—"our most truthful actor as a liar." But Fonda was plumbing shadows behind the hero's halo that made much more interesting political characters like Allen Drury's believable during the less naive 1960s. Unfortunately, it was Preminger who let him down in transferring the emphasis in *Advise and Consent* to the sensationalism of a young senator's homosexual indiscretion, throwing all the moral arguments and decision-making factors way off balance.

In *The Best Man*, however, Fonda got to explore this imperfect hero even more fully. Unquestionably the most compelling and sharply observed of the trio of films, Franklin Schaffner's realization of Gore Vidal's trenchant play gave Fonda the chance to vacillate, as any good liberal does. Many were reminded of Adlai Stevenson, as Fonda played a solid, intelligent, even intellectual, candidate whose one failing is that of indecision. Stevenson and Fonda weren't strangers; one of Fonda's few public political gestures was to campaign for Stevenson in 1956, delivering speeches his good friend John Steinbeck had written. Now he was being called upon to play a Stevensonian named William Russell, who is caught in the middle of a smear campaign and can't stop weighing the pros and cons long enough to act.

As the vulnerable candidate, Fonda never eradicates the essential goodness of the man, even as he outlines Russell's irreconcilable shortcomings. In *The Best Man* Fonda gives perhaps the definitive portrait of an honorable politician.

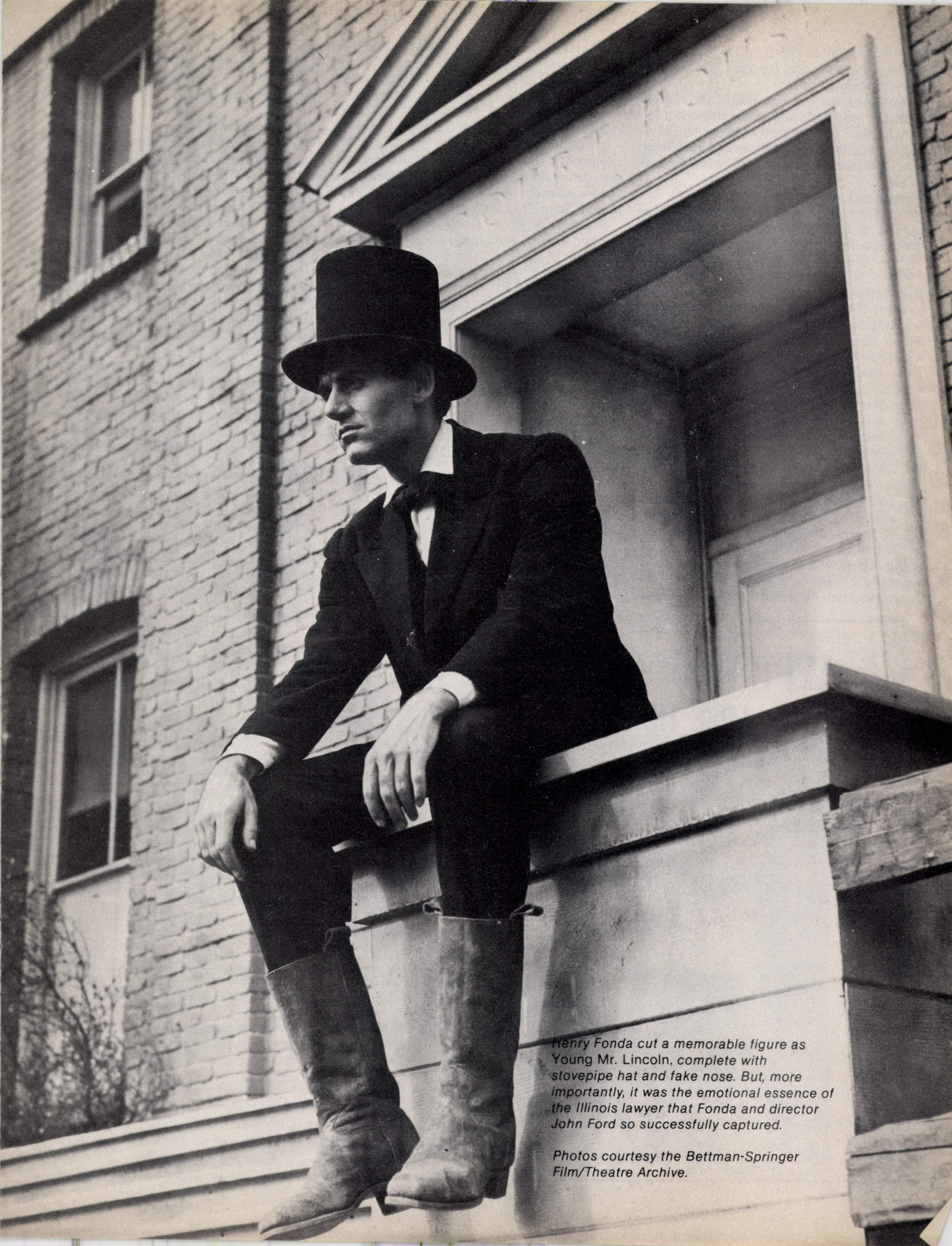
Finally, with *Fail Safe*, he reaches the place where the buck stops. As the President of the United States, Fonda transmits virtually his entire performance by telephone, after a computer error has sent an H-bomb to Moscow. In a hermetically sealed Emergency Room with only a Hot Line for decor, he gives a performance of claustrophobic intensity

and, most impressively, of tension and desperation, acted for the most part from the neck up. *Fail Safe* failed to find its audience, largely because *Dr. Strangelove* preceded it by a few important months. How could anyone take the situation straight after seeing Kubrick's satire? As the President, Henry Fonda fought plot implausibility and satiric associations to deliver a performance of responsibility under stress that made him equal to the office. But it really came as no surprise, as he had been rehearsing, in a way, for years.

When Fonda returned to the stage a few years ago for his one-man show, *Clarence Darrow*, in which he impersonated yet another great justice seeker of the Left, he was asked if we should try to draw some social significance from his choice for a return to the stage. He scoffed at the idea. "I thought it was just a good part," he said. "I don't give messages to audiences." He has said the same thing about all his films: "It happens that I share those characters' social concerns, but I think it's an accident that I played the films. Except for *12 Angry Men*, none of them was my idea." *First Monday in October* will find him fighting—in the manner of William O. Douglas, it seems—judicial conservatism with fine old style, but again, he'll deny it's the politics that interested him in the part. It is funny, though, how Fonda fell into the liberal mold and stayed there, working variations on a political theme but essentially playing the same kind of music. Earlier casting directors could have as easily sent him down the Right road as the Left. Maybe it's in the square jaw. Or the blue eyes. Or the way people sit up and listen when a Fonda speaks. Sort of like hearing—well, the conscience of the world.

Blockade, set during the Spanish Civil War, cast Fonda and Madeleine Carroll as anti-Fascist and spy, respectively. His first political role, it was written by the avowed communist (and later blacklisted) writer John Howard Lawson.





Henry Fonda cut a memorable figure as Young Mr. Lincoln, complete with stovepipe hat and fake nose. But, more importantly, it was the emotional essence of the Illinois lawyer that Fonda and director John Ford so successfully captured.

Photos courtesy the Bettman-Springer Film/Theatre Archive.

(continued from p. 28)

Twain says, look good. He adds, "I'm a master of the fantasy future."

Octogenarian actress-charm girl Estelle Winwood and high-powered actress-personality Susan Tyrrell hosted an al fresco Bel Air disco-do for Paul Ryan on the first anniversary of his innovative and intimate Theta Cable talk show.

Pinspot on L.A. Theater

Here in L.A. with *Inching Through the Everglades*, a lustrous ensemble work-in-progress, the Provisional Theater declares itself home at last. Actually, every heart and mind it reaches is home for the Provisional. Pithy laughter-and-tears anecdotes design a rare evening of theater. Monologues and supportive staging proclaim the creative touch of Steve Kent. Actress Candace Laughlin is superb as a supermarket checker who loves a Reservation Indian. Prodigiously sensitive Michael Dawdy, as a working man, probes life. Sure there's a message: in fighting the good fight, you are not alone.

For two and a half years, *Author! Author!* at Santa Monica Playhouse has been living up to its billing: "An Evening With Sholem Aleichem." Actress-director Evelyn Rudie's treatment of the material, Chris De Carlo's portrayal of the author, Ben Weisman's lilting music, and Rudie's lyrics renew the vibrancy of Aleichem's stories.

Director-actor John Allison left his distinctive mark on the choreography in the first act of John Osborne's *Luther* at the Callboard. Steve

Graziari imaginatively designed a recumbent Christ figure arching across a stage animated by George Gizienski's lighting. Allison summed up Osborne's overlong drama when, as Luther, he said: "I listened for God's words—and all I could hear were my own."

Manic and depressing, *Dogfight*, at the Pilot, promised a rock musical on Howard Hughes, and delivered a gross collage assembled by James Kennedy. Salome Jens wasted herself in a static imitation of energy.

Dracula: A Musical Nightmare, at the Zephyr, dreams up happy complications that traverse Transylvania, an old English music hall, and an insane asylum, and boasts a splendid array of vampires and victims headed by Joe Spano and three lady horrors. It also has neat direction by Richard Marion, book and lyrics by John Aschenbrenner, modest but nifty musical staging by Gary Mascaro, and some beguilingly crummy scenery by Susan Stewart.

The strong, resilient threads of Alan Ayckbourn's writing, stretched and tightened to accommodate L.A. Designers' Theater production of *How the Other Half Loves*, directed by Richard Haimowitz at the Orpheum. All three couples left a proper tangle of laughter and confusion in their wake.

Lamppost Reunion hinges on a stupid misunderstanding. Directed by Ronald Troncatty at the Met, the Louis LaRusso II play offered none too interesting reportage on a barroom gathering of five Hoboken males, one a Hollywood star, all well acted.

San Francisco

by James Armstrong

Eureka's Good Soldier

One of the most important, if at times frustrating, theatrical accomplishments of this past summer was the Eureka Theatre's production of *The Good Soldier Schweik*, a reconstruction of Brecht's never-published adaptation of the Jaroslav Hasek novel (1926) about a *Mittel-europa* Everyman in the Austrian Army in World War I. Had the show been done with less adherence to the Brechtian theater's traditions about pacing, or perhaps with tauter direction, it would have been a masterpiece. There was a lot of good acting, and even more imaginative stagecraft. But it was so funereally paced and so uniform in tone, with so many interminable waits (the actors hawking and humming) for lights to come on, that by the middle of the second half, I began to feel like that medieval saint who is pictured having his bowels wound out of him onto a reel.

Joe Bellan's Schweik (he also directed) was universally admired, but I wished his acting style hadn't been so strongly at variance with that of the others. He had apparently been watching "Columbo" with inerradicable diligence. Richard Seyd's Lt. Lucas was splendidly winsome, smooth, and sharp in his befuddlement. But for sheer force of thespian professionalism, my awards went to Justin Bishop as Bretschneider and Chaplain Katz.

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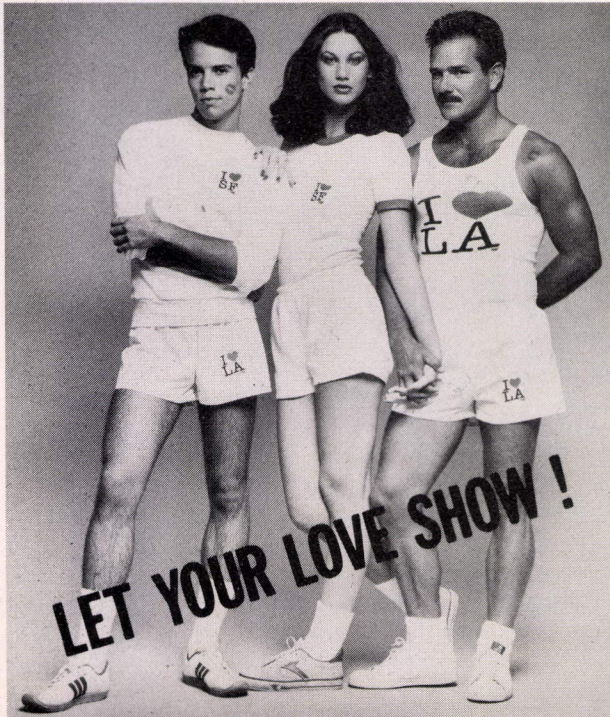


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Nay, Nay, Naomi

I'm sorry to report that the San Francisco production of Michael Sawyer's *Naomi Courts* at the Intersection Theatre was a bust. Producer Homer Poupart put the show together to try out here and then move to L.A. I found it a cheap-jack bit of work, predictably sensational, which, however, in the hands of a wildly talented director working with extraordinarily gifted performers could make a sockdollager of an impression. Apparently, that's what happened in New York. Here, it's a different story. Scott Beach's minimal direction did the obvious obviously, missing a lot along the way. Adele Proom probably could have made her Miss Dugan genuinely simple instead of just simple-minded; made her inspire affection instead of pity; or made her charming rather than a bore, but she didn't. In the second of these loosely connected one-acts, the conventional suspense-horror setup (mad hustler and terrorized victim) could be shadowed with the illusion of levels, making the expected spiral of suspense a more satisfying experience. The potential is there, but was only stabbed at.

Of the five performers, Bruce Mackey as David, the quiet queer, came off best. His terror was well done. Robert Altman as Harper, was, for all his genuinely sexy hip-swiveling, a hokey hustler. He looked the part to perfection, but I felt that most of the time the part was playing him.

The June Gable Outrage

The Mocambo blessed us in August with Miss June Gable, who is a barrage of talent. She's like a delightfully dirty Marcia Lewis, with her extraordinary voice and comic talent backed by strong acting ability. She gives you a kaleidoscopic show which you keep forgetting is only one woman big. But where Marcia is a dumpling sweetheart, June is a genuine crazy lady, the inside of whose head must be, as she says of her act at one point, "like L.A. architecture." Her nun who says "fuck" left me cold because my outrage button is worn through from that sort of pressure, but her Julie Andrews punk-dyke rock rendition of "My Favorite Things" (though only about 45 seconds long) was nearly fatal for the audience. Then there was her Puerto Rican hooker plugging a breast-expander booklet on TV, and her Rona Barrett imitation, and... well, I marvel I survived the show.

Some Hits and a Miss

A.C.T. perked up their summer with two hits that wowed Frisco as emphatically as they have the rest of the country: *Side by Side by Sondheim*, at the Marines Memorial with Carol Swarbrick, David Chaney, Bonnie Schon, and Elliot Reid, and an all-star *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow Is Enuf*, at the Geary. Across the bay in the Oakland hills, the venerable Woodminster Summer Musical Series, one of the area's better community-theater projects, had a ghastly cropper with the season's opener. In terms of hiring guest stars to play leads, this is their most ambitious season. However, Yvonne de Carlo definitely was *not* up to the Rose role in *Gypsy*. Vocally, *Pal Joey* is more

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her speed. She made no attempt at characterization, preferring to smile her way through, uttering most of her lines as though she barely remembered them before she spoke. The supporting cast and orchestra (under Sally Kell) were, for this theatrical context, extremely good, with special kudos due Mark Pluf as Tulsa and the raucously ravishing Sandi V. Weldon as Miss Mazeppa. Next on the bill were Patrice Munsel and Robert Wright in *The Merry Widow*. An intriguing flyer in the program announced a backer's audition featuring Munsel and Wright for a new Broadway musical play based on the life of Dorothy Parker, with book by Paul Zindel and music by Paul Williams.

Visalia

by Glenn Loney

Shakespeare Under the Sequoias?

Dale Wasserman was grumbling: "I wish I'd never written those words! When I called it an impossible dream, that's exactly what I meant. It's not possible!" But, said Wasserman, lots of wonderful people—just like these wonderful people here in Visalia—have taken it to mean that no dream is impossible, if you believe in it enough. In Visalia for a National Planning Conference on Tulare County's proposed California Shakespearean Festival, Wasserman, the creator of *Man of La Mancha*, was acting as devil's advocate. As well he might, for he knows all the pitfalls to getting a show on the road. (Broadway has yet to see his *Kiki of Montparnasse*.)

With one or two exceptions, most of the glamorous and distinguished panelists in Visalia were on the side of Shakespeare and the angels. Most of them, in fact, were from the City of the Angels, which has had its own problems trying to establish a Shakespeare Festival of national repute. Those problems, and those of Marin and San Francisco, which no longer have festivals to honor the Bard, impelled artistic director Anthony Quayle and founding director David Fox-Brenton to call this conference, to learn from the successes and mistakes of others.

Quayle, featured in *After Dark* for his work in *Sleuth*, already knows a lot about running a Shakespeare Festival. He was director of Britain's famed Stratford-Upon-Avon Memorial Theatre for nine years. But America is not Britain, and Visalia is certainly not Stratford.

There are currently nearly 30 Shakespeare Festivals in North America. Only two of them are in towns named Stratford. In fact, that's partly why Visalia is now a storm center of Shakespeare planning. David Fox-Brenton, then a member of the Stratford, Ontario, ensemble, wondered about creating another one in California, one of America's most rich and populous states. Halfway between the major cities, San Francisco and Los Angeles, he found a Stratford. But it was only a "hamlet," he says, so he moved on to Visalia, near the magnificent Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks. There his idea has been enthusiastically embraced by an impressive

number of dedicated, cultivated citizens.

This is one of the most encouraging aspects of the proposed venture: the tremendous community support, support that reaches down to Los Angeles, up beyond San Francisco and even to the East Coast. So many festivals have foundered and died, lacking that kind of backing. Others have had to struggle for years to get it. This festival has the support of panelists like Clive Barnes, Wasserman, Bella Levitsky, Bill Shatner, Colleen Moore, Mrs. Irving Stone, Martha Scott, Theodore Bikel, David Rockefeller, Jr., Richard Coe, Zelda and Tom Fichandler, and Jules Irving. In this distinguished company I spent an evening atop a California mountain, in a lavish home which would take two whole issues of *Sunset Magazine* to do it justice, where we sat at the feet of Theo Bikel while he chatted and sang his repertoire of folk songs to us. I've paid \$10 for that experience in New York, and there wasn't any mountain-top swimming or roast suckling pig either. This hospitality of the Gene Yunts was a visible symbol of the equally warm and generous hosting of the rest of the Bard's Tulare boosters. It's also encouraging to note that this fertile part of the San Joaquin Valley is the third richest county in America. If they can't raise the money for a Festival, no one can. But the boosters aren't only from Tulare. Laguna Beach's Festival Guild was out in force. Guilds are being formed in a number of Central and Southern California communities.

A cynic might suspect that part of the in-



Beatrice Straight was among the panelists who gathered in Visalia, CA, recently for a national planning conference on Tulare County's proposed California Shakespearean Festival.

terest is the desire to get to know the Conference's co-chairpersons better. Beatrice Straight, one of the truly gracious as well as talented ladies of our theater, outdid herself, even calling the dances at the final Celebrity Ball. It was a theme dance—"Midsummer Night's Dream"—such as I've not seen since high school. The other host, Richard Cham-

berlain, sent regrets, but his lack was more than made up for by William Shatner, who proved not only a magnetic celebrity, but also a thoughtful, involved participant. Visalia is not far from Los Angeles, and it clearly won't have trouble drawing big names and solid talents. After all, isn't keynote speaker Theodore Bikel president of Actors Equity? And doesn't he want his colleagues to find work?

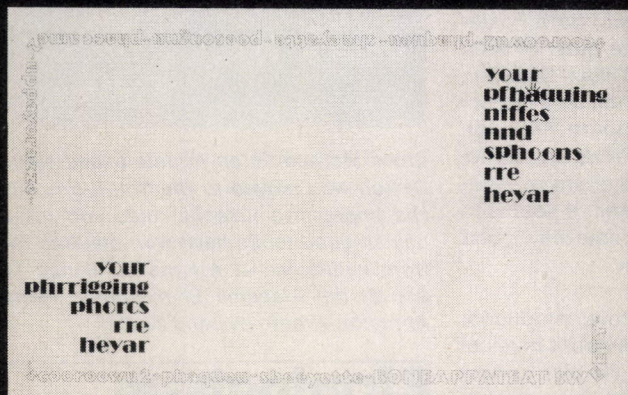
The Festival, if it works, can set a new pattern in California for community, country, and state support of summer—and winter—performing arts activities. The recent conference drew on experience from all over America, but more cities and towns in California can profit from it.

There is, however, many a slip between cup and lip, or page and stage. Although Tanya Moiseiwitsch, who designed the Guthrie in Minneapolis and the Stratford, Ontario, Festival Theatre, is working with California's Gordon Gong on theater concepts, the Visalians are clearly still open to suggestions. In fact, they were characterized by one panelist as being scared to death, underneath, at the magnitude of the project they've committed themselves to. And they are committed.

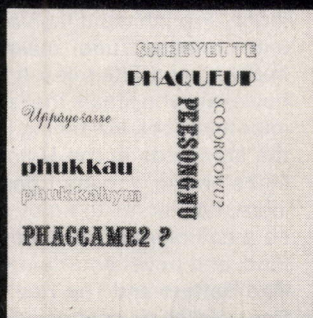
Each major event featured keynote speakers. Beatrice Straight and Theo Bikel were inspirational. David Rockefeller, Jr., whose book *Coming to Our Senses* stresses the need for more arts in education and our lives, asserts that in the next 25 years, the arts are going to be as important a concern to us as ecology has been in the past 25. Young Rock-

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efeller, who has worked at Tanglewood and with the Boston Symphony, urged Visalians, and all their guests, to forget about the low or medium moments in life, and to live, instead, for the high moments.

Keynoter Hugh Southern stressed another value of the projected Festival: since California, like many other states has unresolved problems about the inequalities of life between majority and minority cultures, the Festival must be a place of healing, of coming together of the ethnically diverse on the common ground of the arts. This got a standing ovation, which included the two blacks and one chicano in the hall. Southern touched on a wound which does need healing, but the question is: Shakespeare or Lope de Vega?

Fortunately, all these problems, pleasant and unpleasant, are now in the hopper and will be worked out in time. Thanks to the planning of many Visalians and their lively, gracious neighbor, Henrietta Siodmak, who was Queen Bess and a wonderful conference chef, even the most painful of problems was probed in a friendly atmosphere, as laymen argued with experts. "I'm talking with a pig-breeder!" one astonished scholar told me.

Things are moving in Visalia.

Las Vegas

by Morag Veljkovic

The Plaza's Pajama Tops

Pajama Tops, the Union Plaza's latest farce, is a case of a strong cast saving a mediocre play. While the plot stagnates, the actors fairly fly around the set, proving that where there's a wit, there's a way. Carrying her magnificent chest with much aplomb, June Wilkinson is ideally cast as the spurned mistress. Lee Wilson perks her way through the show in traditional French maid fashion, and Seth Foster and Christine Tudor make the most of their husband and wife roles. It is William Browder, however, who steals the laughter as a not-so-impotent poet. His timing is superb. Although the standards at the Union Plaza are sometimes erratic, varying from excellent to mediocre, I never fail to enjoy myself. It seems to be a combination of old-time courtesy, good food, and novel entertainment.

Mad Hatters and Tee Hee

Gary Marshall conceived, wrote, produced, and directed *Oh Alice!*, the irreverent musical revue at the Landmark Hotel. He also serves as narrator in this spoof on the famous children's classic. The show is full of new talent such as gifted young Christian Mueller, good ideas, and good music. Add to the enthusiastic cast two Las Vegas favorites, Robert Beal and Jan Sutton, and you should have a success. While being partial to the show's hookers and superpimp, not to mention a not-so-coy Alice and a swinging Queen (Renee Lee), my favorites are without doubt the Tee Hee sisters (Jan Sutton and Ruth Rugoff).

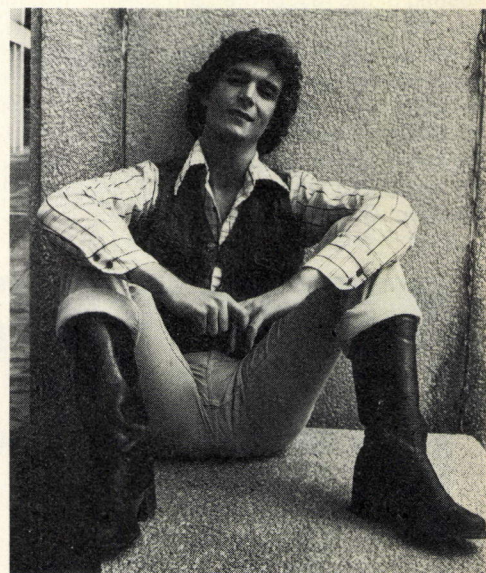
The show's main fault lies in clumsy transitions, a general slowness of pace, and some very empty moments. If it were cut, quickened, an better staged, *Oh Alice!* could be the novel

success it was intended to be. Noteworthy, however, are the beautiful ballads written by Marshal, and some hilarious fun-filled songs.

Striptopics

The "in" place these days is Paul Anka's new *Jubilation*, a combination restaurant and disco. It has become the favorite after-hours hang-out of Strip performers.... Want to try out your new material or learn show business? Check with the Sahara Hotel's showcase for talent, and the free comedy workshop, Comedy Corner, at Rumors on Spring Mountain Road.... Elegance and style describe skater Nick Powers and partner Robbi LaLonde in a fascinating newly staged act.... The famous Bluebell girls and Donn Arden boys, synonymous with the Lido show since it opened in Las Vegas, are no more. They're now the Lido boys and girls.... It's the end of an era, and the beginning of a new one—Las Vegas now has its very own smog. Now we don't have to go to Los Angeles for it.

Atlanta



David McCann is an Atlanta-based actor from Detroit who moved to the South this summer. His impressive juvenile roles and his blond, boyish good looks have won plaudits recently from audiences at Atlanta's Alliance Theatre and at the Alabama Shakespeare Festival in Anniston. (Photo by John Burks)

Birmingham

by Patrick Pacheco

Ruth Gordon maintains that having the opportunity to explore your dreams is the one unassailable and inalienable human right. For some twenty-five years, producer James Hatcher has been a defender of that prerogative. As the founding director of the Town and Gown Theatre (operated in conjunction with the University of Alabama in Birmingham), Hatcher has served a pivotal dual function in the community. He has introduced thousands of people to the ephemeral ex-



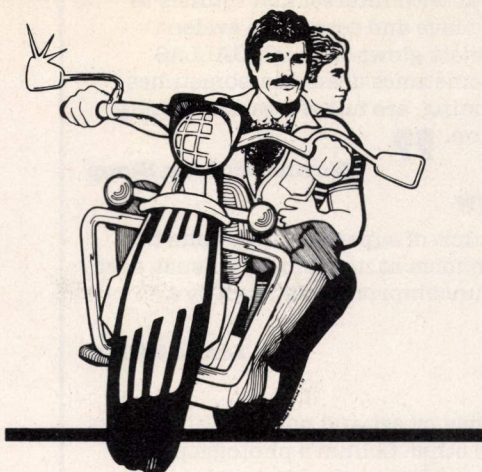
When Birmingham's Town and Gown Theatre presented the musical *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, producer-director James Hatcher tapped local girl Lisa Paden for the title role and imported New Yorker Scott Stevensen for the part of Frank. The fortuitous pairing resulted in a smashing production, demonstrating the first-rate quality that has kept the Town and Gown afloat for over a quarter of a century.

citement of the performing arts, and also given them a forum to explore their creative capabilities. Theater, particularly in small towns, keeps vital a community's sense of celebration—a human ritual that has been critically assaulted in a television-dominated society. The devoted following that has made every performance at Town and Gown Theatre a virtual sellout has reconfirmed this social need as well as saluting Hatcher's perceptive talent in reaching, sustaining, and encouraging new audiences for the theater.

With a robust frame, and a face wearing the contented expression of a New England burgher, Hatcher is a man of definite tastes and style, which he injects in every facet of the operations he runs out of his oak-paneled, simply appointed office. Take, for example, a recent production of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, a musical staple in the hinterlands. In addition to the obvious commercial considerations, Hatcher also chose to produce and direct the show as a vehicle for two performers — Lisa Paden and Scott Stevensen. Running his theater as a tight bailiwick, the aristocratic Hatcher has the power to nurture and develop careers, providing opportunities to the professional and amateur alike.

The role of Molly is tailor-made for Lisa Paden, a twenty-two-year-old actress-dancer who is a natural spring of youthful exuberance and beauty. Watch her onstage wrestling with three strapping youths or evolving into the delicate woman of the final scenes and one sees an entertainer growing in a controlled environment, free from the pressures of the commercial Broadway theater. Lisa had been involved in that world for a couple of years until emotional pressures forced her back to the less insistent security of her hometown. Her involvement in Town and Gown not only helps her to keep in touch with her creative energies, but also presents to the community a local actress on whom they can fix their own fantasies and vicarious pleasures. It is a safe, yet demanding world which may or may not

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LOS ANGELES TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Linda Gillan

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Eight former Miss America and Miss Alabama title-holders converged in Alabama recently for James Hatcher's production of Follies at the Town and Gown Theater, presented by University of Alabama in Birmingham. The lovelies are: back row (from left to right), Jean Bartel (Miss America, 1943); Marian McKnight (Miss America, 1957, and Mrs. Gary Conway); Lee Meriwether (Miss America, 1955); and Linda Meade Shea (Miss America, 1960, who did not appear in the production); front row, Bebe Shoppe (Miss America, 1948); Marian Bergeron (Miss America, 1933); Barbara Jo Walker (Miss America, 1947); and Evelyn Ay (Miss America, 1954). The beauty queens joined a cast of local actors for this Stephen Sondheim musical directed by James Hatcher. (Photo by Jim Harris)

Hatcher's formidable charm has also been instrumental in attracting a number of nationally-known artists, writers, and directors to Town and Gown for special projects. Tamara Geva, Anita Loos, Eugenia Rawls, Mary Hemingway, and Tammy Grimes have been recruited by the irrepressible "Jimmy" to present programs, lectures, and special workshops for the benefit of local theater enthusiasts. New York actor Scott Stevenson, who brought a professional polish to the role of Frank with his rich voice and convincing Western swagger, also brought a wealth of experience in the New York theater that he could share with the company. It is just this sort of interaction that has given Town and Gown its exceptional standing among community theaters.

Gathering memorabilia for the museum annex of the theater, coddling patrons at charity functions, or directing productions with a steel-edged authoritarianism, James Hatcher is a tireless worker in the only world he has ever known—a Kris Kringle far away from 34th Street, but making miracles happen in the sultry southern air.

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not to mention the enlightenment of cabaret aficionados, what follows is a success story. It continues and apparently reverses the saga of DC's Waaay-Off-Broadway cabaret whose untimely closing was described in our February 1977 column.

Following a viable tryout last spring, the club closed for two months of refurbishing and remodeling and reopened Sept. 5 with a sold-out month of local favorites. Among the new amenities are an all-important liquor license, which has already had a favorable impact on finances. The license was a result of the DC Council's sensible decision to exempt theatrical locations from the requirement of food sales as a prerequisite to liquor sales.

Much of the success of the Waaay-Off's new lease on life is attributable to enterprising manager Denny Lyon. Into a club, located near DC's biggest discos, whose checkered past included an uneven schedule of productions, he has brought a parade of first-rate entertainers aimed at attracting both gay and straight audiences, including the younger with-it set, nostalgia buffs (of all ages), and older supper-club enthusiasts. "We are trying to present quality cabaret to a general audience that wants to see a good show," says Lyon.

During the brief tryout period, he introduced to the Washington area, chanteuses Dorothy Collins and Hildegard, comedienne Marcia Lewis, and the comic team of Monteith and Reid, not to mention British bombshell Tessie O'Shea (returning Nov. 14-26). Another policy is the recruiting of valuable local talents as

opening acts, like fine blues specialist Carolyn Gaines, the warm-up for Monteith-Rand, last June.

The varied and impressive lineup for the next few months opens with song-stylist Lesley Gore (Oct. 3-8), and the rejuvenated Barbara Cook, another established DC favorite (Oct. 10-15). Next in is Warhol star Holly Woodlawn (Oct. 17-22)—now embarking on a serious cabaret career—and jazz specialist Anita O'Day (Oct. 24-29). November introduces the acclaimed one-woman show of actress Geraldine Fitzgerald (Oct. 31-Nov. 5), follows with soul-singer Helen Humes (Nov. 7-12), and the return of O'Shea and popular impressionist Lynne Carter (Nov. 28-Dec. 3). Pop singer Julie Budd starts off the December events (Dec. 5-10). Gore, O'Day, Fitzgerald, Humes, Woodlawn, and Budd will all be making their local debuts as cabaret performers.

The Waaay-Off is not the sole exponent of cabaret entertainment in the area, although it is the flagship. Out in Manassas, VA, the Hayloft Dinner Theatre constructed a new satellite cabaret operation, the Starloft, which opened April 19 with a sparkling Harold Arlen revue, *Get Happy*, by Richard Beneville and Robert Tartaglia (also starring the former). This was followed in August by Ken Weber, the "hilarious hypnotist." In downtown DC, *Cabaret Tonite* continues at the International Inn; in Fairfax, VA, the excellent continental restaurant Old Budapest offers *In Celebration*. Both of these rooms feature singers (solo and ensemble) plus an instrumental combo playing selections from light opera to folk.

REVIEWS: THEATER On Broadway and Off

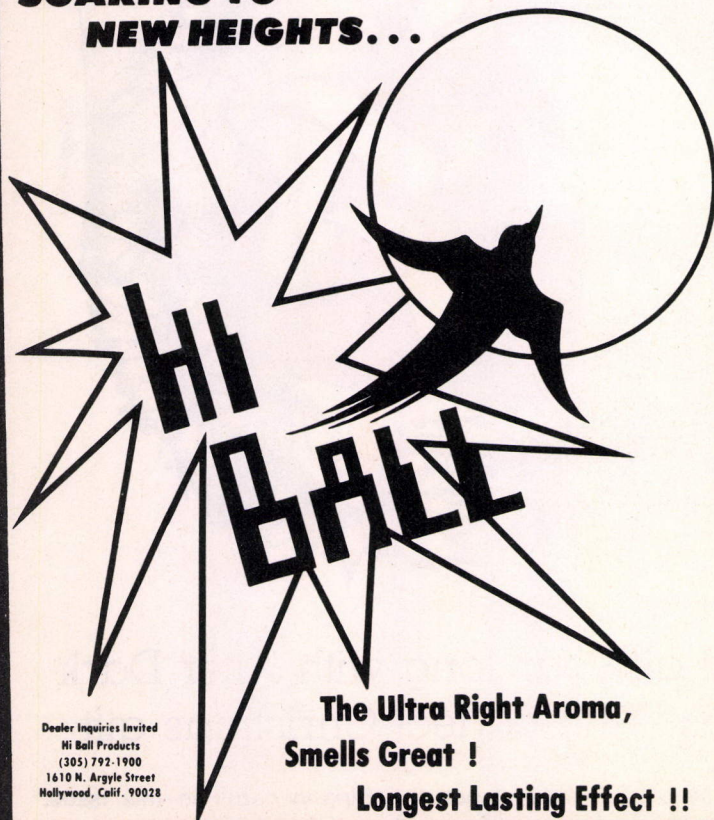
by Patrick Pacheco



Sammy Davis, Jr., and company stop the show in *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off!*, a revival of the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley musical which was presented at the New York State Theater as part of the "Summer at the State Theater" series.

Sammy Davis, Jr.'s show-biz magic on film and television had always eluded me. His slick mannerisms obscured the appeal of a powerful voice coming out of a tiny body that appeared too frail to support the oversized head

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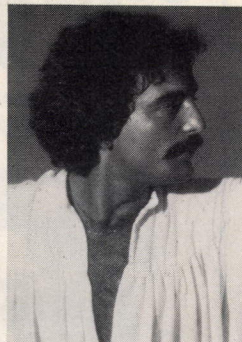
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resting on its shoulders. Still, Sammy—the most famous one-eyed, black Jew in history—has parlayed a number of shortcomings into a startling entertainment legend with the same crackling intensity and energy he brought to the New York State Theater this summer, playing the role of Littlechap in a revival of **Stop the World, I Want To Get Off!** Sammy's exuberant presence even managed to imbue some dazzle into the creaky, outdated Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley musical featuring a satiric book (more suited to the early '60s when it was first written) and a jaunty carousel of sassy songs. Sammy had ridden to the top of the pop charts on the strength of some of these songs ("What Kind of Fool Am I?" and "Once in a Lifetime") and they received the compelling Davis treatment within their original context, as did a number of other tunes including "Gonna Build a Mountain," "Life Is a Woman," and "I Wanna Be Rich."

Unsurprisingly, the musical numbers formed the highlights of the show, particularly when accompanied by Billy Wilson's jump-and-shout, gravity-defying choreography, neatly executed by a superb ensemble of dancers. These smashing moments overrode the dullness of the sluggish story, which followed the clawing and leering exploits of the Everyman character, capped with a final scene of revolting sentimentality. Director Mel Shapiro glossed over the pitfalls—witless situations, simplistic parody, unimaginative exposition—with exaggerated strokes that were right for this fantasy-cum-morality play but totally out-of-sync with the jazzy musical staging. The dichotomy was particularly focused in Sammy's performance when he would abandon the boyish vulnerability of Littlechap to sing commandingly with the Sammy Davis, Jr., panache that is far more effective onstage than in any other medium. Caught in the ambivalent crunch was Marian Mercer, who nonetheless valiantly scored with her globe-trotting characterizations created with sultry sarcasm. But it was Sammy, dancing across Santo Loquasto's colorful junkpile of a universe, that brought *Stop the World* out of its smug substrata and into a special orbit.

Tribute, at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre, is another star vehicle, this one with Jack Lemmon behind the wheel as Scottie Templeton, a well-loved mountebank and loser with the gift to amuse. The comedy, written by Bernard Slade, the television writer who authored the enormously popular *Same Time, Next Year*, is a tour de force, tailored to the myriad talents of its accomplished star. *Tribute* centers around a dying Scottie's desperate attempt to effect a reconciliation with his son, estranged by his father's flamboyant need for attention. Alienated by having to play straight man to his father's unending routines, the young Templeton has retreated into such a tight-assed conservatism that we fail to have very much sympathy for him, particularly since Lemmon's Scottie is so likable. This disparity, unrelieved by Arthur Storch's routine direction, undercuts Slade's tearjerker formula, lightened by a laugh-a-minute writing style

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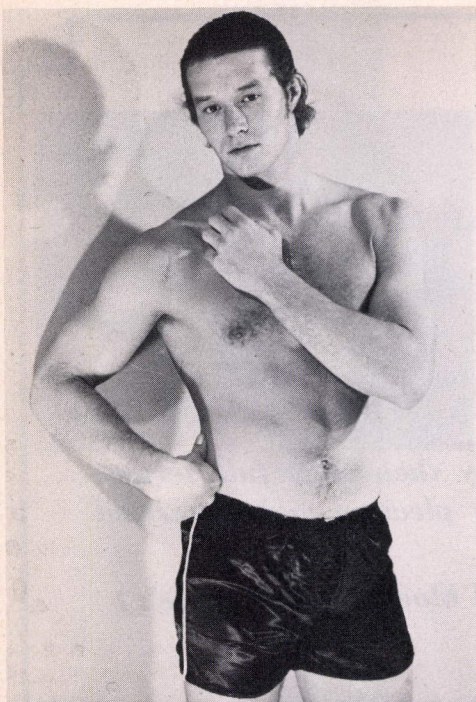
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that has turned the play into a popular hit. The resolution is as facile as Scottie's reservoir of one-liners. What is left is Lemmon's performance, filled with the near-palsy anxiety he communicates so vividly. Mugging, camping, raging, crying, and loving, Jack Lemmon endows the character with more substance by virtue of the depth and finesse of his acting. Since *Tribute* is spun on the vortex of this performance, much of the fine supporting acting by Robert Piccardo, A. Larry Haines, Rosemary Prinz, and Catherine Hicks, is eclipsed.

Wilford Leach's *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Delacorte Theatre was a fist-slaming, bone-crunching, insult-spitting free-for-all, with Meryl Streep and Raul Julia as the heavy-weight contenders. With feathers flying, Shakespeare's popular cockfight received farcical treatment that delighted the grateful crowds which gathered at the amphitheatre (sometimes in a light rain) to enjoy the stylish production of Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Theatre Festival. Leach's concept was as fantastical as his cheery sets, across which he moved his large cast with dexterity, never missing the opportunity for comic exploitation. He splashed his actors with broad strokes of bright colors, creating caricatures that made Deborah Rush's Bianca into a squeaky-voiced coquette, John Bottoms' Gremio into a wimpy scarecrow, and Anthony Holland's pedant into a 42nd Street hustler. In this *Taming of the Shrew*, the Marx Brothers met Shakespeare in a chaotic slapstick set to the beat of Richard Weinstock's enjoyable tarantellas and judiciously featuring the bucking antics of Julia's hearty, handsome, and virile Petruchio, and the nostril-flaring tempestuousness of Meryl Streep's muscle-flexing Katherine.

The uptown move of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* to the 46th Street Theatre has enhanced its sizable virtues and minimized the problems which I took exception to when I reviewed the show at the Entermedia Theatre. Tommy Tune's intricate, thigh-slapping musical staging has more room to untangle and delight on the broad stage, and the show now has the wide scope necessary to frame the convoluted socio-political satire of Larry King and Peter Masterson's book. This satire, however, is still somewhat at odds with Peter Masterson and Tommy Tune's ambivalent direction. On one level, the show is stinging satire aimed at the media and the right-wing do-gooders of society, and on another level, a dry-as-dust romance between a scatologically cursing sheriff and a madam with the requisite heart of gold. The unevenness still exists, though it is less intrusive in this handsome production which is an audience-pleaser with its zinging humor, jaunty Carol Hall tunes, and wide-angle Western appeal. In that "lil' ole bitty pisant country place," the girls were engaging as ever, with replacement Gena Ramsel (as Amber) standing out in a sure-shootin' cast. A second look at the production makes one realize how integral is Delores Hall's participation as the honkin' and shoutin' Jewel, as well as the show's center-

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piece, the Rio Grande Band. These boys—Craig Chambers, Pete Blue, Ben Brogdon, Lynn Frazier, Michael Holleman, and particularly Ernie Reed (on the violin)—are first-rate musicians who are nicely showcased on the original cast album on MCA Records, and who have another album, *Playin' for the Door*, on Rounder Records.

FILMS

by Norma McLain Stoop

Movie of the Month:

Interiors (produced by Charles H. Joffe, written and directed by Woody Allen, United Artists) is an incredibly perceptive film, as honest as *Annie Hall* and twice as brilliant. The compelling story of a family, it is concerned with the interiors of their homes, minds, and souls. Allen explores the characters' relationships with themselves, and with the world outside. That world doesn't impinge on the film itself, which concentrates (rightly) on the family as the core of the apple of discontent of which this closely knit group has partaken. E. G. Marshall's depiction of a father, whose late-in-life decision to leave his beautiful, overbearing wife tears apart her life and those of their three daughters, is quiet and telling. Maureen Stapleton, as his swinging, understanding second mate, is warm and heartbreakingly real. Geraldine Page, as a discarded lady who won't, but does, give up, plumbs the depths of character with ease and a killing charm. Diane Keaton, as a gifted, reclusive, often cruel, and completely tormented replica of her mother, gives her best performance to date, and Marybeth Hurt is admirable as a woman filled with love, hate, and guilt. Hurt's is really the meatiest role in the film, which she sensitively underplays. Sam Waterston and Richard Jordan, as the men in these daughters' lives, and Kristin Griffith as the movie-actress sister, acquit themselves well in difficult, ambivalent roles. Allen writes with understanding and directs with authority. Gordon Willis' evocative photography and Ralph Rosenblum's keen editing are exemplary. The setups and visuals are as important to this film as the actors and the whites, beiges, and grays that dominate the screen are unforgettable in both their reality and their implications. Polished and brimming with intelligence, *Interiors* is an inside story, one that touches on emotions inside all our hearts. An important movie, it establishes Woody Allen as an incisive director of drama.

Stylish and lavishly produced, **Eyes of Laura Mars** (produced by Jon Peters, directed by Irvin Kershner, Columbia) is an uncannily true depiction of high-fashion rinky-dink, and is worth seeing if only for its fascinating fashion-shooting sequences. Besides, it's scary and tense. However, instead of closing your eyes during the horrific murders, close your ears during the love scenes which contain some of the most drivel dialogue known to movies. Faye Dunaway as a menaced fashion photographer has a range of expression that registers zero on any scale, but Tommy



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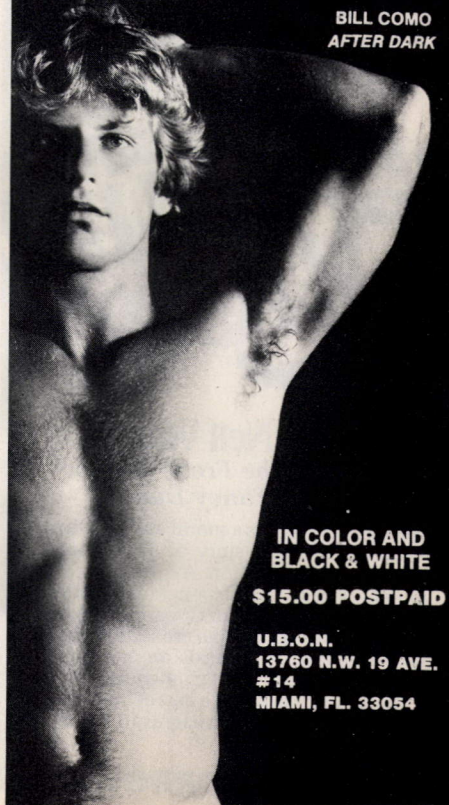
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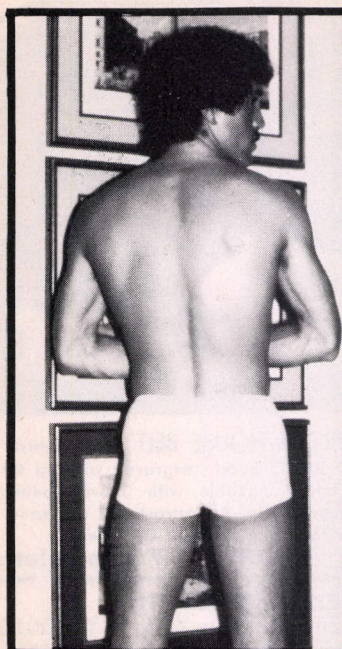
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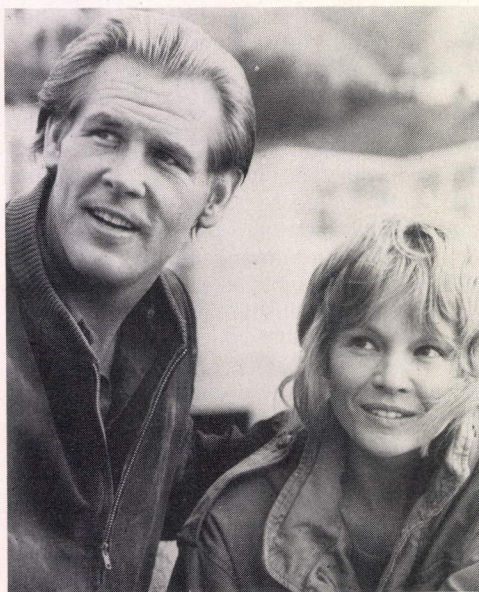
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Lee Jones is excellent as the cop involved in the case. He carries the movie and reminds one of a young Charles Bronson. Brad Dourif acts with great impact, and René Auberjonois paints an accurate portrait of a man caught in the net of women's fashions. If it wasn't so easy to guess the (in police jargon) perpetrator's identity, *Eyes of Laura Mars* would be a better suspense film. As it is, it's artfully directed by Irvin Kershner, chicly photographed by Victor J. Kemper (who shows us a New York that should attract more tourists), dressed to the teeth by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the song "Prisoner" is superlatively sung by Barbra Streisand. It's a fashionably kinky film that's spooky autumn fun.

The fact that *Girl Friends* (produced by Claudia Weill and coproduced by Jan Saunders, directed by Claudia Weill, Warner Bros.) is directed by a woman is incidental. What is important is that it works and enables us to welcome a real talent into the ranks of American film directors. It is not a perfect movie, by any means. It is a bit too personal—too much of a film that the director needed to make—but that is often true of first features. However, it is made with wit and perception, and is a film with which most women will readily identify, as



Nick Nolte should become a major box-office attraction due to his role as Ray Hicks, a disillusioned, drug-dealing marine in *Who'll Stop the Rain*. Tuesday Weld plays a dissipated Vietnam war-wife in this suspenseful drama.

well as one which will entertain most men. Due to an inexplicable and purely subjective block of sorts, I am unable to empathize with the leading character, Susan, or with Melanie Mayron, who plays the role with an intensity that is altogether commendable. I found myself unable to care about Susan's personal or professional future, and a bit surprised at the amount of success she had in love, photography, and friendship by the end of the film. In contrast, I found the character of Anne, her best friend (played with deceptively cool fire by Anita Skinner), believable and interesting, and thought that Amy Wright was wonderful as a disorganized, appealing girl. Christopher


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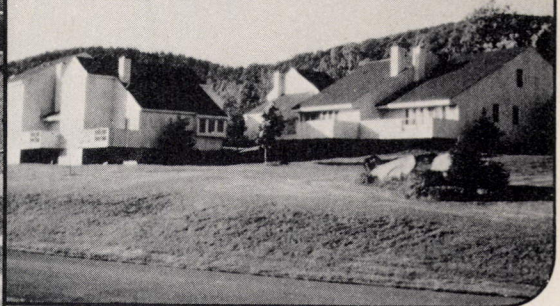
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Guest's acting was superior, and precise gems of performance in smaller roles include those of Eli Wallach, Viveca Lindfors, and Roderick Cook. *Girl Friends* is well thought out and well made. Weill has given us a wry and penetrating look at a segment of the New York experience that deserves to be seen.

Full of action and violence, and destined to make strikingly handsome Nick Nolte a big box-office draw, *Who'll Stop the Rain* (produced by Herb Jaffe and Gabriel Katzka, directed by Karel Reisz, United Artists) is an exciting film that holds one's interest throughout, but the amorality of its basic premise is disturbing. Is it all right for two ex-marine buddies to smuggle heroin into the U.S. just because one of them has been completely disillusioned by the rotten things he saw in Vietnam as a war correspondent, and because buddies have to stick together no matter what? Is it okay for a well-brought-up young wife and mother to live on pills just because she's worried about her husband in Vietnam, and to switch to heroin just because she's frightened and there's a lot of it around as she flees with her husband's friend from the FBI (the bad guys in this film) and their pals in the syndicate? Is it right to make heroes out of these three extremely mixed-up people? If you can answer "yes" to these questions, you'll thoroughly enjoy this action film, dramatically photographed by Richard H. Kline and directed with great expertise by Karel Reisz. Even if you can't take the film's premise, you'll be delighted to see Nick Nolte come into his own in a strong, complicated role that establishes him as a potent contender in the macho, he-man stakes of moviedom. He acts with force and understanding, yet projects tenderness when it's called for. It's also great to see Michael Moriarty scoring heavily as the Vietnam journalist. I'm ambivalent about Tuesday Weld's interpretation of his frightened wife, but concede that the part is a difficult one to conquer. Supporting roles are well played in *Who'll Stop the Rain*, a driven film about loyalty, strength, weakness, cruelty, and greed, and if you're looking for an action film, you couldn't do better.

Have a heart? Then you'll revel in the humanity, humor, and drama of *Hazel's People* (produced by Burt Martin, directed by Charles Davis, a People's Place release), a film about prejudice and man's need for acceptance. This tender, moving, but utterly fair and honest story concerns a long-haired, New York student pacifist plunged into the Mennonite world of plain people. First rejected, and then tolerated, he thinks he has found peace and love, only to discover that every Eden has its serpent. Those sterling performers, Geraldine Page and Pat Hingle, contribute their artistry to *Hazel's People*, and noteworthy acting is turned in by Graham Beckel, Elvin Byler, and John Miller. Two haunting songs by Bill Loose and Robert Fillies enhance the film, Stan Martin's photography makes the most of the quiet Pennsylvania countryside, and Charles Davis' loving direction makes the most of the quiet people who inhabit it. My only quarrel with this

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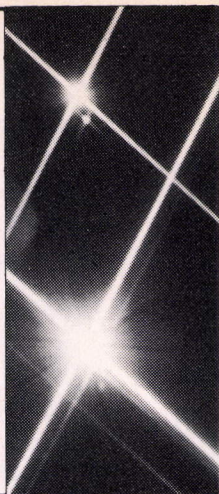
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touching film based on Merle Good's novel *Happy As the Grass Was Green*, is that there is so much explanation of the Mennonite way of life, but I realize that this might be necessary for those not familiar with the subject. *Hazel's People* is good medicine for urbanites who think their ways are the only ones worth recording. This lovely movie will give you a new lease on understanding.

More Films

by Martin Mitchell

A generally delightful screwball comedy, *Corvette Summer* (produced by Hal Barwood, directed by Matthew Robbins, an MGM film released through United Artists) demonstrates that *Star Wars'* Mark Hamill, well known but unproven, is a likeable and capable actor, and introduces Annie Potts, a bundle of energy who may be a major new comedic talent despite the laserlike effect of her voice. Barwood and Robbins' script about a California high-school kid whose love for his home-made car, gradually, after it is stolen and he has a series of disillusioning adventures tracking it down to Las Vegas, gives way to love for the novice prostitute who gives him a ride. It is essentially as trite as it sounds but is sparked and moved genially along by moments of inspired humor and a colorful cast of characters. The film's infectious high spirits are not completely diluted by its old-fashioned sentiment and moralism. Hamill has the right amount of boyish enthusiasm without being obnoxious, and Potts is extremely funny as an updated version, complete with live-in and work-in camper, of the kindhearted hooker. Good support is provided by such dependable actors as Eugene Roche and Danny Bonaduce. Having opened rather suddenly and unceremoniously at neighborhood theaters, *Corvette Summer* could be the season's sleeper.

The first film from the People's Republic of China to reach us for many years, *The Opium War* (produced by Haiyen Film Studio, Shanghai, directed by Chen Chun-li, Sino-American Corporation) was delayed in the making by Madame Mao, presumably on artistic grounds rather than political, since there is nothing in this faithful historical re-creation that would contradict the most doctrinaire socialist chauvinism. Because it is, not unexpectedly, highly stylized, the film seems primitive in attitude and manner (in the way of the exaggerated expressions of silent-movie characters) rather than in technique, which is accomplished, if severe. The look of the film is quite handsome, a continuous pageant of color, costume, and custom. While the direction is unremarkable, as befits a group effort even when the director is identified, several of the actors are outstanding, if only for the heroic stature of their roles as officials and leaders entrusted with the task of fighting off the British whose once-prosperous opium trade had been curtailed by the emperor. *The Opium War* is unsurprisingly ingenuous by

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Western standards, but it contains moments—especially the battle scenes—of considerable power and beauty.

TV Spotlight

by Norma McLain Stoop

If you think times are tough on Earth in 1978, wait till ABC-TV flings you headlong into the seventh millennium when, after the destruction of their home planets, all remaining humans search space for a place to enjoy peace and happiness. Guess where they hope to find it? On our own, sorely beset little planet Earth! You can see all this on **Battlestar Galactica** which, after exploding with a bang



Leading the fighter squadron on ABC's "Battlestar Galactica" will be Richard Hatch as the reliable Capt. Apollo. The show airs Sundays at 8 p.m., EDT.

on your home screen in a special three-hour telecast, airs every Sunday at 8 p.m. EDT. This lavish new series is heady sci-fi, with eye-opening special effects, a fantasy-filled story line, and Lorne Greene as the commander of a giant battlestar. There's adventure, humor, and romance in this well-produced series. What's more, blue-eyed Dirk Benedict, as the smooth Lt. Starbuck, the battlestar's ace fighter pilot, and green-eyed Richard Hatch as the reliable Capt. Apollo, leader of the fighter squadron, will make many hearts beat faster this winter. Gorgeous covergirl Maren Jensen completes the roster of fresh young talent in this series that's tailor-made for the growing army of sci-fi buffs all over the planet Earth and, who knows, maybe throughout space.

That excellent PBS series, "Visions" (produced at KCET, Los Angeles) promises to be as offbeat and controversial in the coming season as in the past, if **Escape**, which will air Oct. 19 at 9 p.m. (check local PBS stations for date and time) is any indication of the tenor of the series. Reminiscent of Ionesco and Beckett, it is television of the absurd, cleverly

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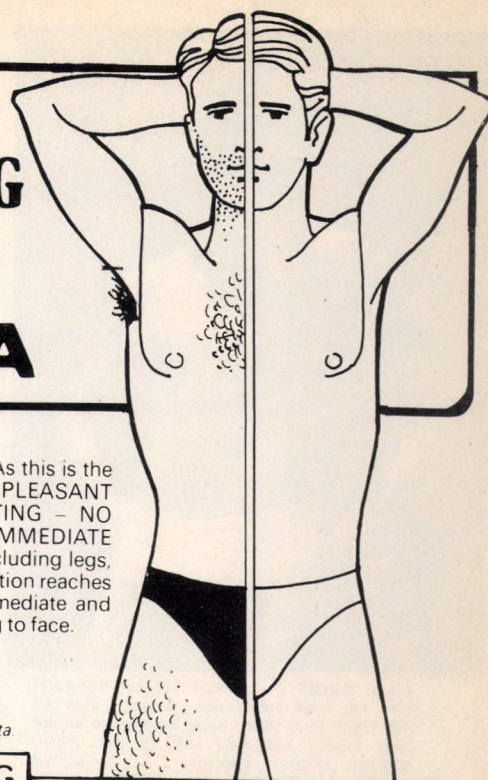
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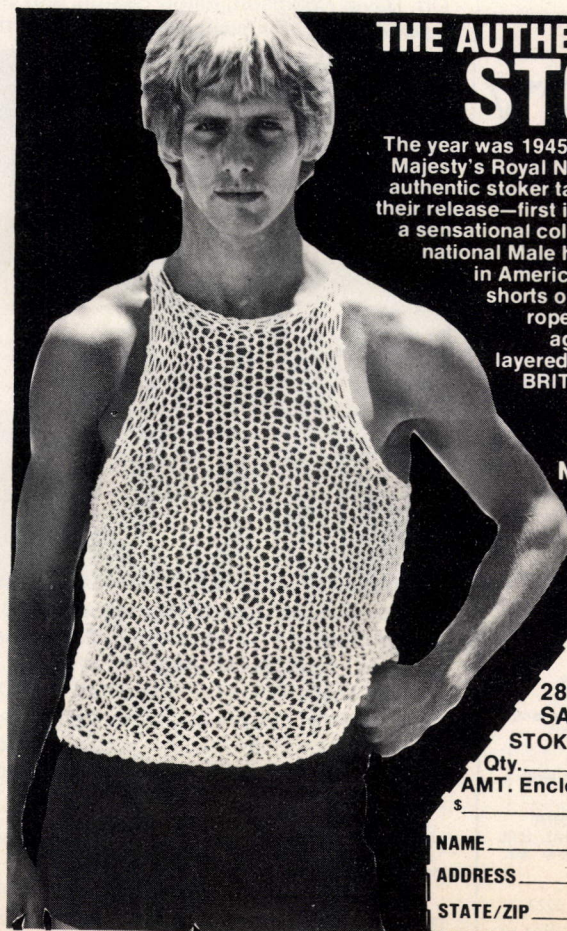
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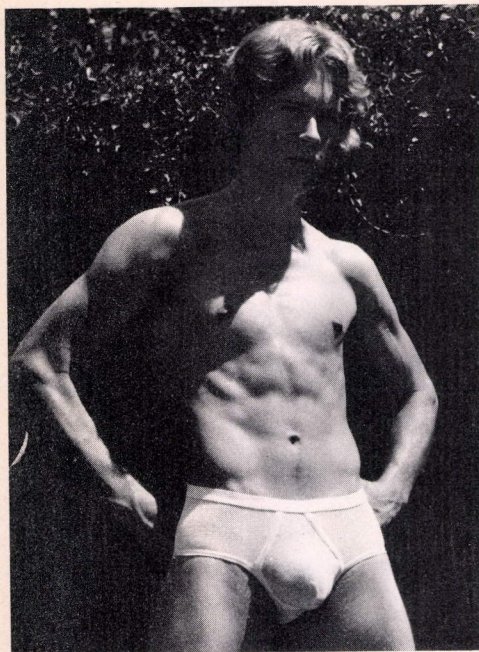
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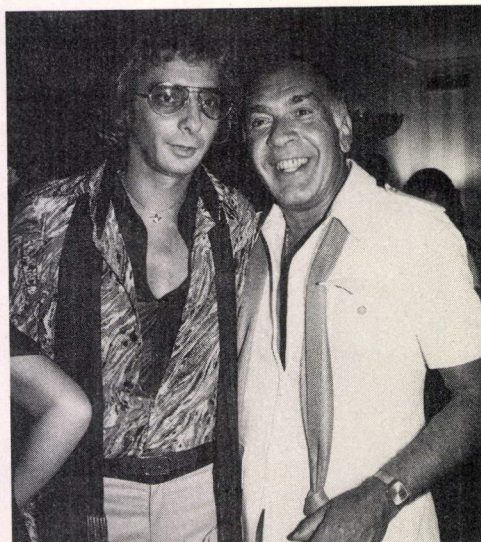
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written by Jonathan Reynolds, well produced by Barbara Schultz, imaginatively directed by Robert Stevens, and well acted by Robin Gammell and Marc Singer. Fantasy and comedy are used to delineate the characters of these two disparate men who are used as symbols of those living by the brain and those living by the body. Of course, it's the contradictions and twists that lend most of the interest to this intelligent program that hints that whoever and wherever you are, you'd rather be somebody else somewhere else. Marc Singer's appealingly rowdy approach to his role, and Robin Gammell's cerebral approach to his, make for many chuckles, and a tap routine in which both join is priceless. However, the ending was too easy and flat for the fine actions that preceded it.

RECORDINGS: Pop

by Chris Huizenga

Elektra/Asylum's newest acquisition, the Cars, play aloofly cool, ironic, and melodious songs that are brief but message-laden, in the recent punk tradition. The group's prime songwriter, Ric Ocasek, has written compositions with just the right amount of disdain in his lyrics and with an appealing urgency in his music. The resulting disc, *The Cars*, which has locally received considerable comment, is a successful and controlled introduction for Benjamin Orr, David Robinson, Elliott Easton, and Greg Hawkes, who along with Ric Ocasek, are driv-



Bill Como joined Barry Manilow (the 1976 Ruby Award Winner) at a celebrity-studded dinner-disco party at the St. Regis in honor of the popular Arista recording artist. President Clive Davis hosted the party on the eve of Barry Manilow's overwhelmingly successful concerts at Forest Hills Tennis Stadium. (Photo by Robin Platzer)

ing the Cars hard and fast towards the winner's circle.

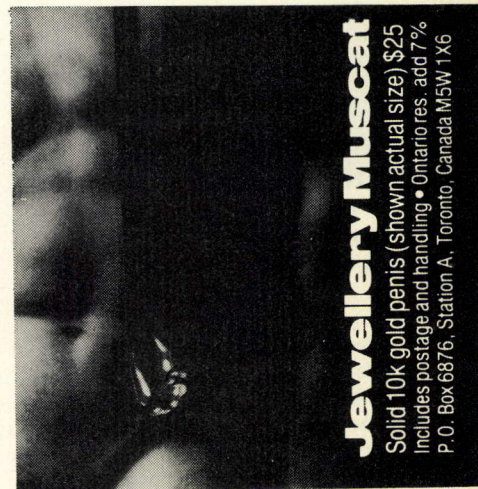
UFO's latest, *Obsession*, on Chrysalis Records is futuristic, from its cover design to

its assumption that rock-and-roll is still evolving. Straight and hard-rocking, UFO has tremendous power in their instrumental passages which tend to reduce the lyrical outbursts. Taken together, Phil Mogg, Michael Schenker, Pete Way, Paul Raymond, and Andy Parker form a quintet destined to make their mark in the music scene.

Traditional jazz is making a stunning recovery in the kind of "race" music that Fats Waller produced. The original cast recording of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, the award-winning Broadway musical, is now available on RCA (CBL-2-2965) as a compendium of Fats' hits, including such standards as "Two Sleepy People," "It's a Sin To Tell a Lie," "Your Feet's Too Big," "Honeysuckle Rose," and numerous others. It's a handsome collection of the master's music.

Also on RCA is Dolly Parton's new album, *Heart Breaker* (AFL-1-2797), which features the country songbird in a more sophisticated environment. For all the elaborate care taken to produce the album, the cuts are simply too short to have much impact. Dolly has scarcely begun to sing when the song's suddenly over, and a new mood is suggested by the opening bars of the next tune. Let's hope her producers decide on a more satisfying arrangement of songs on the next album.

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Rock

by Ron Baron

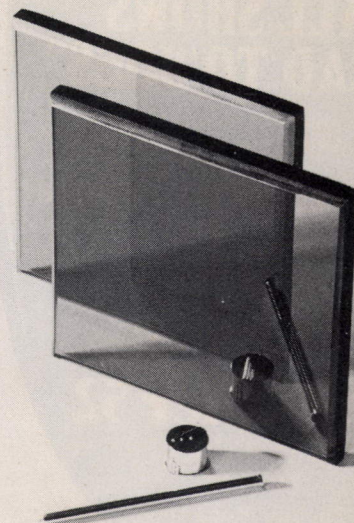
Notable Bar Wants Staff

Songwriting has become a "lush" business,
especially in Los Angeles, the only city in
America which considers its annual Song-
writers Expo a practical and logical endeavor.
The second annual Songwriters Expo held
recently drew several thousand songbirds, all
desiring to know how the song in their hearts
could get to the charts. They flocked to hear
panels like BMI's "Journey of a Hit, From
Writer to Radio."

Songwriters have definitely come of age,
and many of those credits in small print on
record labels are finally breaking out of their
parenthesis and starting to garner more
recognition. Songwriting has become a big
business, as *Los Angeles Magazine* pointed
out in their August issue with a feature called
"I Write the Songs, I Cash the Checks." Today
recording companies and music publishers
alike are as concerned about the songwriter
as they are the recording artist.

Pat Sawyer and Marilyn McLeod are two
such songwriters who are emerging from the
shell. The Los Angeles-based duo responsi-
ble for such million-sellers as "Love Hang-
over" and "You Can't Turn Me Off" are about to
become the first songwriters in history to ever
be featured on a billboard on the Sunset
Strip. Why? Quite simply because their songs
mean millions of dollars to Jobete Music, the
publishing division of Motown Records. Saw-
yer, a white writer from England, has been
with the primarily black-oriented label for a
decade, writing hits for everyone from the
Supremes to Gladys Knight. As far as her
ability to bring in revenue for Jobete Music
(the number one song publisher in the world),
she ranks with Stevie Wonder, Smokey Rob-
inson, and Marvin Gaye. The only difference,
until now, was that the public, for the most
part, didn't know who Pam Sawyer or her
partner Marilyn McLeod were. But all of this is
changing. In addition to the billboard, the pair
are involved in a major national talent search
in which they will look for a male artist. Con-
sidered the female counterparts to Bacharach
and David, Sawyer and McLeod will produce
and write an album for the winner.

The accomplished writers just penned a
tune called "Pops," for Berry Gordy, Sr., the
ninety-year-old father of Berry Gordy, Jr., a
founder of Motown Records. At a recent birth-
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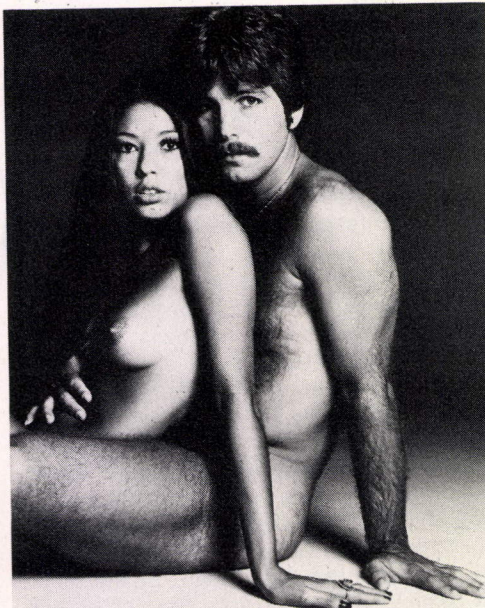
Sr., or "Pops" as he is called, with his own tune.

And while we're still on the subject of songwriters, Shel Silverstein does it in bed. Songwriting, that is...as depicted on the cover of his brilliant new LP on Parachute Records called *Songs and Stories*. It is ingenious, witty, laconic, sardonic, and euphonic. It's deft and daft and definitely a Grammy contender for comedy. To give you an idea of what's under the cover of Shel's conjugal bed (occupied by him and his guitar), here's a verse from "Show It at the Beach": "... Oh they won't let us show it at the beach/No they won't let us show it at the beach/They think we gonna grab it if it gets within our reach/And they won't let us show it at the beach." This is one album you'll want to grab if it gets within your reach.

BOOK BITS

Bared Bodies and Bared (and Not-So-Bared) Souls

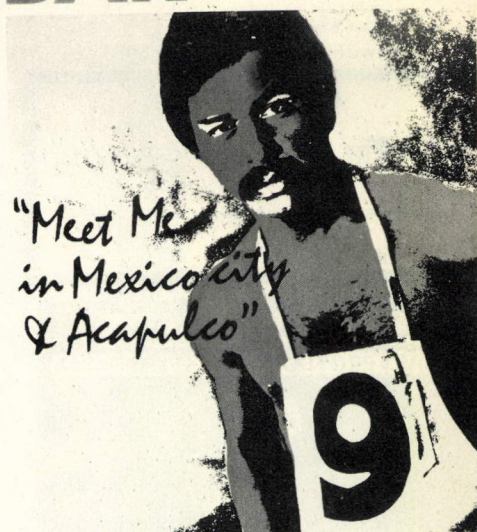
Charles R. Collum's *Dallas Nude: A Photographic Essay* (Collum Studios, Inc., 101 Howell St., Dallas, TX 75207, hardcover \$28.50) is not only a dazzling display of Dallas bodies, but also a penetrating photographic exploration of the characters of the citizenry who fill its pages. From the appealing innocence of wide-eyed two-year-old Kirk Manire, to the honest earthiness of Chantal (*D Maga-*



Jerome and Angie Conser are two of the Dallas bodies that make up Charles R. Collum's Dallas Nude: A Photographic Essay, an expensively mounted book of sensuality, wit, and warmth.

zine's choice for "Dallas' sexiest woman"), to the dance-exuberance of Sam Lopez of the Dallas Metropolitan Ballet, to the life-exuberance of geologist Ray Landin and his commercial artist wife Dolores, the book is a fascinating voyage of photographic discovery. Delightful family groups, tricky tight shots, surprising juxtapositions, and the delicious hamminess of seven-year-old Jason Stevens show off the skill and perception of photog-

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Hot Hors D'oeuvres



rapher Charles Collum, which have produced page after page that one looks at with interest and returns to with joy. The tangible quality of love and respect so evident between photographer and subject glows through *Dallas Nude*, and the photographs, sometimes dramatic, sometimes sensual, sometimes funny, sometimes heartwarming, are full of Western vitality mixed with urban sophistication. And that's perhaps an apt description of the city whose people Charles Collum celebrates with gusto in his cleverly conceived and handsomely achieved book.

Besides his photography, Collum is celebrated for the house he recently renovated in the Oak Lawn section of Dallas. The Victorian gingerbread dream house is so unusual that both *House Beautiful* and *D Magazine* have featured it on their covers.

Norma McLain Stoop


DINING OUT

by Louis Miele

Cafe Du Soir, located in the Yorkville section of Manhattan (322 East 86th St.), is a delightful and pleasing French bistro. An extensive menu features a marvelous selection of traditional French cuisine. The long, narrow restaurant is usually overflowing with customers, so reservations are essential. This is a bustling place with waitresses who dispense charming and attentive service. Cafe du Soir also offers a fine wine selection. Informal and comfortable, this is a good place to keep in mind when you find yourself on the Upper East Side.

Another lovely French restaurant is **Clos Normand** at 42 East 52nd St. This is one of New York's elegant *haute cuisine* eateries. All the typical favorites are available. An outstanding feature is the *Le Demi Carre d'Agneau Persille*, which is the formal name for the rack of lamb, prepared for one person if requested. There are two sets of *prix fixe* dinners offered at \$7.95 and \$10.95, but many items carry a surcharge so the check can easily escalate. Clos Normand is an attractive, high caliber restaurant, perfect for business luncheons.

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1976

JANUARY

"Gable and Lombard";
Petula Clark; Oscar
de la Renta; Paul Rudd

FEBRUARY

James Dean; Valerie Perrine,
Theatre of Harlem; Fashion-Jamaica

MARCH

Elton John; Paolo Pasolini
Martin Scorsese; Orson Wells

APRIL

Giancarlo Giannini; Aida,
Lina Wertmüller; Diana Rigg;

MAY

Nureyev; Bubbling Brown
Sugar; Carmen Miranda;
Chris Sarandon.

JUNE

Tennessee Williams; Barry Manilow;
Colleen Dewhurst; Nicholas Cortland.

AUGUST

Tab Hunter—Rio; Ronald Reagan.

SEPTEMBER

Special Music Issue

OCTOBER

Dustin Hoffman; Jeanne Moreau; Preston Jones.

NOVEMBER

"Disco Fever"; Chita Rivera;

DECEMBER

Cyril Ritchard.
Special Issue "Le Nouveau Beau
Monde"; Tom Tryon; Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

1977

JANUARY

"A Star Is Born"; "Focus on Film";
Perry King; Carroll Baker.

FEBRUARY

Arnold Schwarzenegger; Ginger Rogers;
Dina Merrill; "Bodybuilding"

MARCH

Nureyev in "Valentino"; "1900";
Charo; Ernest Thompson.

APRIL

Donna Summer; Bernie Taupin;
Maurice Bejart; Liz Torres.

MAY

Mae West; Egon Von Furstenberg;
Hamlets.

JUNE

Montgomery Clift; Nick Nolte/"The Deep";
Tom O'Horgan.

JULY

Mikhail Baryshnikov; "New York's Wild,
Wild West Side; Broadway's Musica! Boom.

AUGUST

Ann-Margret; "Las Vegas";
Mae West Ruby Award Party.

SEPTEMBER

"The Orient"; Disco 77;
Helen Schneider; The King and I.

OCTOBER

"Turning Point"; Dorothy Loudon;
Rudolf Nureyev in "Valentino";
Renata Scott.

NOVEMBER

Equus; Jane Fonda and Vanessa
Redgrave in "Julia"; Bejart;
Gretchen Wyler.

DECEMBER

Grace Jones; Disco Fashion;
Polish Mime; Tyrone Power.

1978

JANUARY

Key West; Hall & Oates; Silver-Screen Couture.

FEBRUARY

Peter Allen; Hermione Gingold; Fur Fashions;
Manhattan Plaza.

MARCH

Joan Crawford; Seattle;
Dracula; Paul Cadmus.

APRIL

Dolly Parton/Country Western:
Grease.

MAY

SPECIAL TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

JUNE

SPECIAL DANCE ISSUE

JULY

Burt Reynolds; Lucie Arnaz;
Circus; Perry King.

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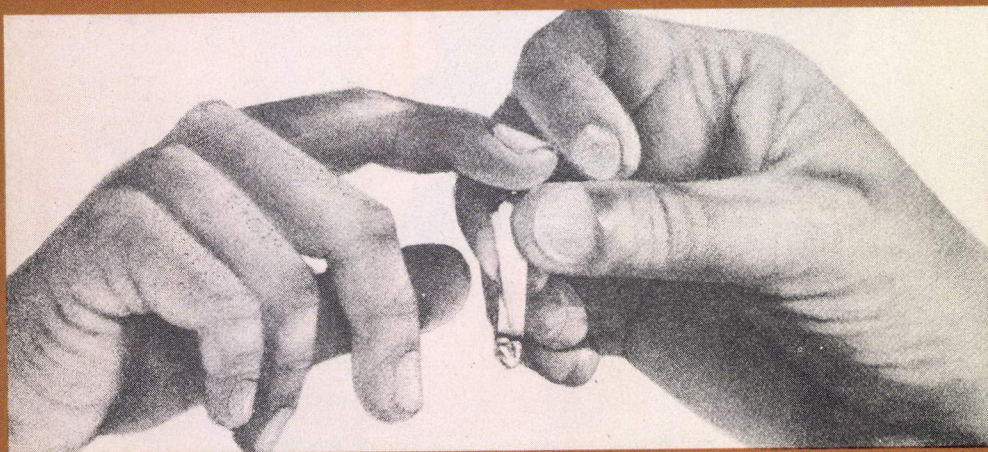
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HIGHLIGHTS



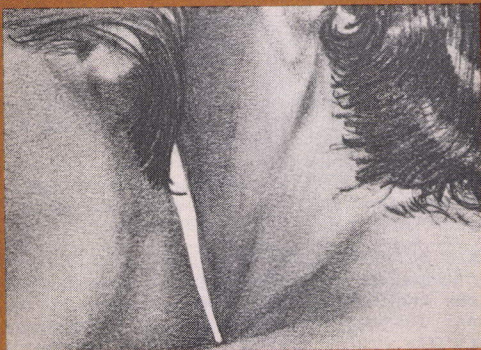
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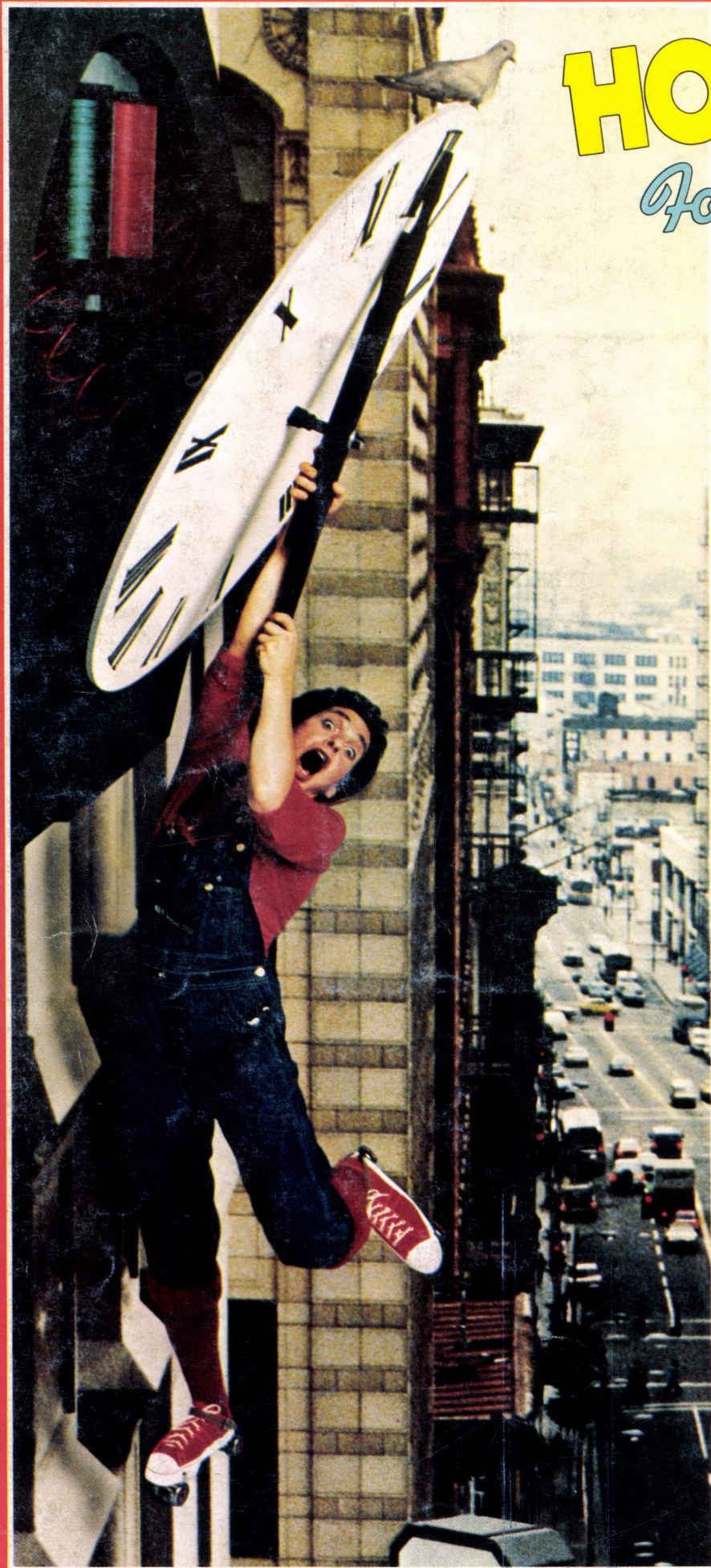
Casablanca Records' recording artist Pattie Brooks has America dancin' to her hit record "After Dark" from the Casablanca Records and FilmWorks' film *Thank God It's Friday*.

Now at last, Pattie includes this monster hit in her new LP entitled *Our Miss Brooks*, and naturally we want *everyone* to be singing "After Dark." So, to get you singing—and reading—**AFTER DARK**, we have a limited advance shipment of Pattie Brooks' *Our Miss Brooks* to give away **FREE** to all new and renewing subscribers ordering a 1 year **AFTER DARK** subscription.

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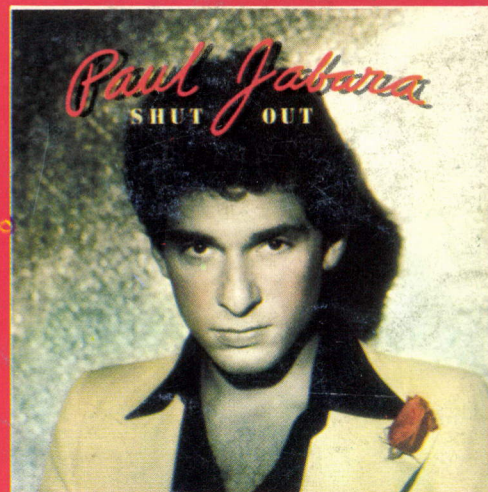
Paul Jabara

on

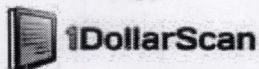
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